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AVEDON

COVER: H.S.H. Princess Grace of Monaco: the cool, impeccable blondness, the remarkably blue blue eyes—now, as in her Grace Kelly days, a standard by which classic American good looks are measured. (More about Princess Grace, her family, and life in Monaco, starting on page 108.) . . . The magnificent blaze of diamonds, from Van Cleef & Arpels.

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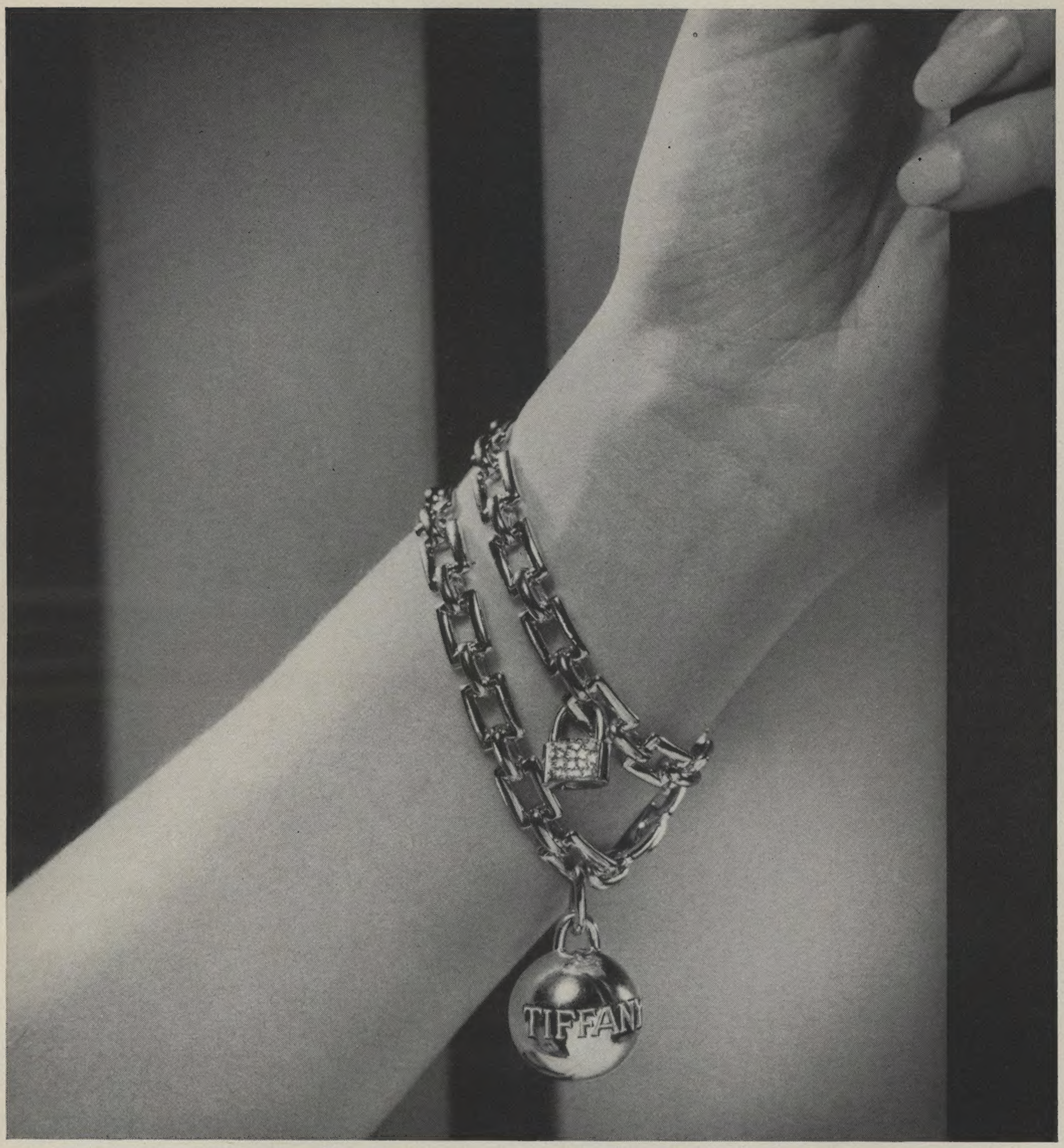
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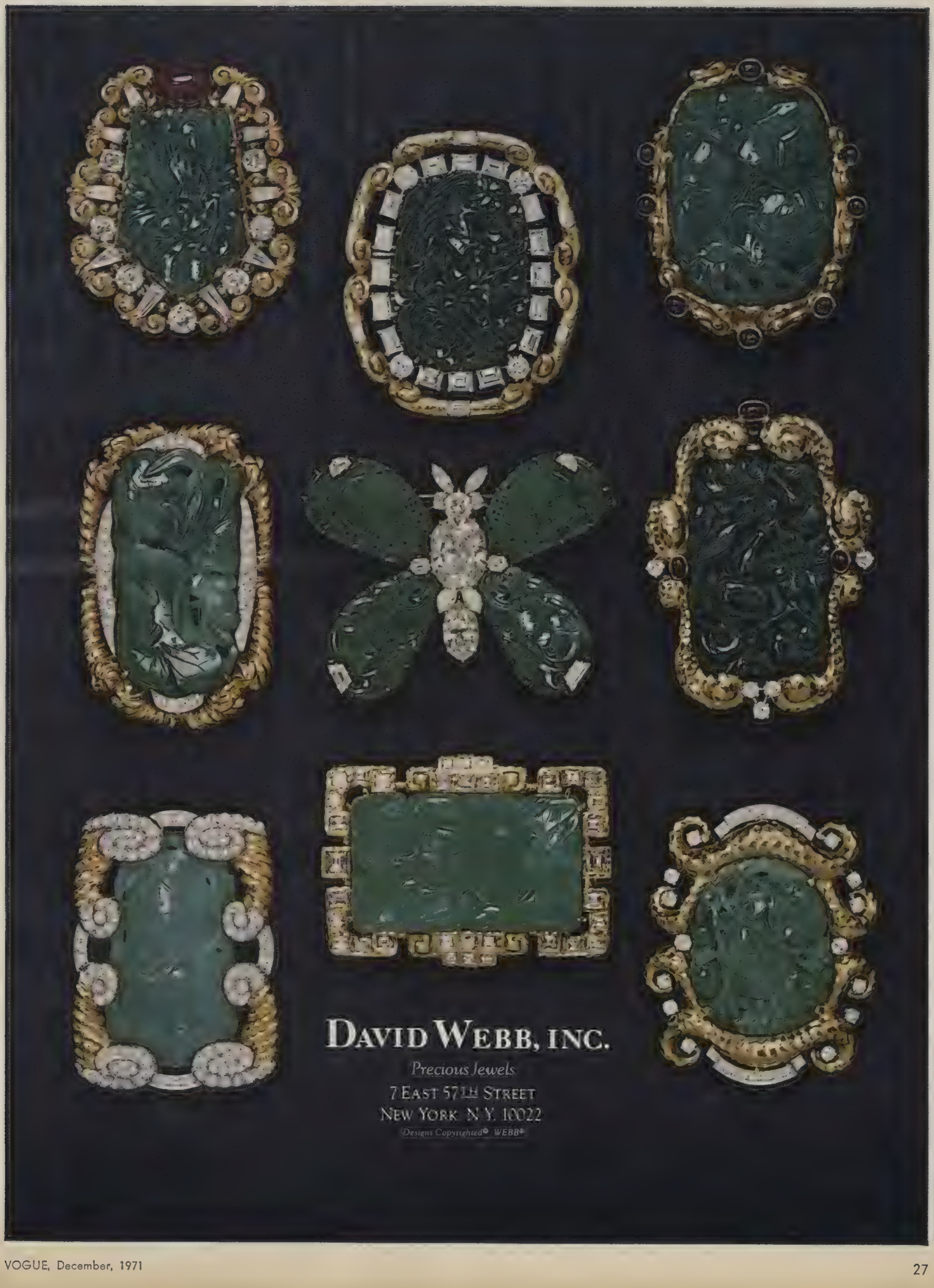
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Nordstrom Best, Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
Brand's, Philadelphia
Butterfly, Inc., Wilkes-Barre
Elaine's, Pittston
H. Leh Co., Allentown
Jack's, York
John Wanamaker, All Stores
Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh
Lord & Taylor, Philadelphia
Mason Martha, King of Prussia
N. B. Levy, Scranton
Petticoat Junction, Dolystown
Silhouette Shop, Jenkintown
Strawbridge & Clothier, All Stores
The Youth Center, Edwardsville
Watt & Shand, Lancaster

PUERTO RICO
Blackton's

TENNESSEE
Cain Sloan, Nashville
Castner Knott, Nashville
Goldsmith's, Memphis
Gus Mayer, Memphis
Julius Lewis, Memphis
Kisber's, Jackson
Lovemans, Chattanooga
Rich Schwartz, Nashville

TEXAS
E.M. Scarbrough, Austin
Esther Wolf, Houston
Fielder's, McAllen
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Polly Adams, Laredo
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Rhodes, San Antonio
Rhodes-Wolf & Marx, San Antonio
Sanger Harris, All Stores, Dallas
W.C. Stripling's, Ft. Worth

UTAH
Makoff, All Stores
Z.C.M.I., All Stores

VIRGINIA
Garfinckel's, All Stores
Jelleff's, All Stores
Lazarus, Roanoke
Raleigh's, All Stores
Thalhimer's, Richmond
The Hecht Co., All Stores
Woodward & Lothrop, All Stores

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Life is too short and winter's too long to go without mink.

The finest mink from Scandinavia where winters are six months long.

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BLOOMINGDALE'S
presents Kanøn for Christmas.
The look of health from
Scandinavia.


kanøn
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kanøn

Kanøn. Because a man has the right to start the New Year looking healthy.

Ø Strong, firm, proud, young—healthy, to put it in one word. That is how a man should look.

But it is not easy to look this way. Because either a man is tucked away in a business office in a business suit, or he is outside and the elements (the cold wind, the hot sun, the drying water) take their toll on him as well.

This is why we take this gift-giving time to present Kanøn.

Kanøn, because a man has the right to be proud of the way he looks.

And Kanøn gives a man that opportunity.

For example, on the left of our photograph there is Kanøn Man's Soap Trio. Made from a special combination of coconut oil, selected tallow and other fine ingredients, the soap does a remarkable job of cleaning a man's body. Yet it is mild.

On the right, Aerosol Cologne. It can best be described as being full-bodied, and at the same time, warm and woodsy. In other words, truly manly.

And, in the background, a special gift set that can make a man feel healthy just thinking about it: After Shave, Man's Body Soap with Rope and Shave Foam all in one.

Once you have made your choice (on the next page we include specific prices and sizes and other Kanøn products for your consideration) you can use the attached card to order from.

Kanøn, the look of health.The right way for a man to start off the New Year.

FIRST CLASS
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New York,
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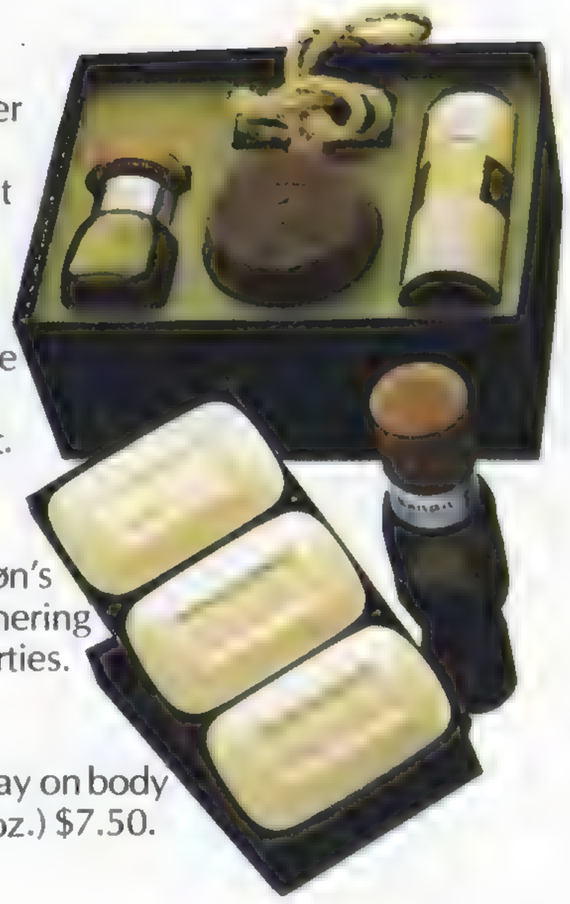
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Harry's Bar, Street Floor



No. 594. Gift set containing After Shave (4 oz.), a cooling lotion providing a beneficial astringent effect; Man's Body Soap with Rope (8.75 oz.), a mild, fast-lathering soap with excellent cleansing properties; Rich Shave Foam (6.25 oz.), a thick, full-bodied lather that won't dry out. $12.50.

No. 069. Man's Soap Trio, Kanøn's fine soap 3 times. Mild, fast-lathering with excellent cleansing properties. $6.50.

No. 552. Aerosol Cologne, spray on body for a fresh, cool feeling. (3.25 oz.) $7.50.



No. 595. Gift set containing After Shave (4 oz.), a cooling lotion providing a beneficial astringent effect. And Deodorant Stick (2.65 oz.), provides long-lasting, cumulative protection. $7.50.

No. 054. Gift set containing Man's Cologne (4 oz.), a warm, woodsy, long-lasting scent. And After Shave (4 oz.), a cooling lotion providing a beneficial astringent effect. $12.50.

No. 575. Man's Body Soap with Rope, a mild, fast-lathering soap with excellent cleansing properties. $5.00.



No. 566. Man's Cologne (7 oz.), a warm, woodsy, long-lasting scent. Splash on face or body for a fresh, cool feeling. $10.00.

No. 593. Gift set containing After Shave (4 oz.), a cooling lotion providing a beneficial astringent effect; Rich Shave Foam, a thick, full- bodied lather that won't dry out; Rich Shampoo with protein (5 oz.), actually penetrates hair shafts to make hair look fuller, thicker, healthier; Cologne (¾ oz.), a warm, woodsy, long- lasting scent; and Clear Hair Groom with protein (2.75 oz.), cleans and conditions while it grooms hair. $15.00.

No. 596. Gift set containing After Shave (4 oz.), a cooling lotion providing a beneficial astringent effect; and Soap, mild, fast-lathering with excellent cleansing properties. $7.50.



No. 055. Gift set containing Cologne (4 oz.), a warm, woodsy, long- lasting scent; After Shave (4 oz.), a cooling lotion providing a beneficial astringent effect; and Soap, mild, fast-lathering with excellent cleansing properties. $15.00.

Essential oils imported from Sweden. Packaged and blended in the U.S.A.

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Please send me the following Kanøn products for Christmas:

Indicate Quantity Desired	(Illustrated)	
☐ **566**	Man's Cologne, 7 oz.	$10.00
☐ **565**	Man's Cologne, 4 oz. (not illustrated)	7.50
☐ **552**	Aerosol Cologne, 3.25 oz.	7.50
☐ **054**	Cologne/After Shave with Tray, 4 oz.	12.50
☐ **590**	Cologne/After Shave with Tray, 7 oz. (not illustrated)	18.50
☐ **055**	Cologne/After Shave/Soap with Tray	15.00
☐ **069**	Man's Soap Trio	6.50
☐ **575**	Man's Body Soap with Rope, 8.75 oz.	5.00
☐ **593**	Cologne ¾ oz./After Shave 4 oz./Shave Foam/ Shampoo/Hair Groom	15.00
☐ **594**	After Shave/Soap with Rope/Shave Foam	12.50
☐ **595**	After Shave 4 oz./Deodorant Stick	7.50
☐ **596**	After Shave 4 oz./Soap	7.50

Indicate Quantity Desired	(Not Illustrated)	
☐ **561**	After Shave, 4 oz.	$ 5.00
☐ **560**	After Shave, 7 oz.	8.50
☐ **542**	Aerosol Deodorant, 3.25 oz.	3.00
☐ **543**	Deodorant Stick, 2.65 oz.	2.50
☐ **583**	Man's Antiperspirant Spray Talc, 6 oz.	3.50
☐ **584**	Man's Aerosol Talc, 6 oz.	5.00
☐ **545**	Body Rub, 7 oz.	5.00
☐ **591**	Shave Foam, 6.25 oz.	2.50
☐ **535**	Clear Hair Groom, 2.75 oz.	2.75

Charge ☐ Check or M.O. ☐

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Mail and phone orders filled. Please add sales tax that applies to community where your order is being sent. Outside our delivery area add 75¢. A 75¢ charge on each C.O.D. order under $25. Write Bloomingdale's, Box 2032, F.D.R. Station, New York, N.Y. Dept. 124.

Come in, write or phone the Bloomingdale's store nearest you.

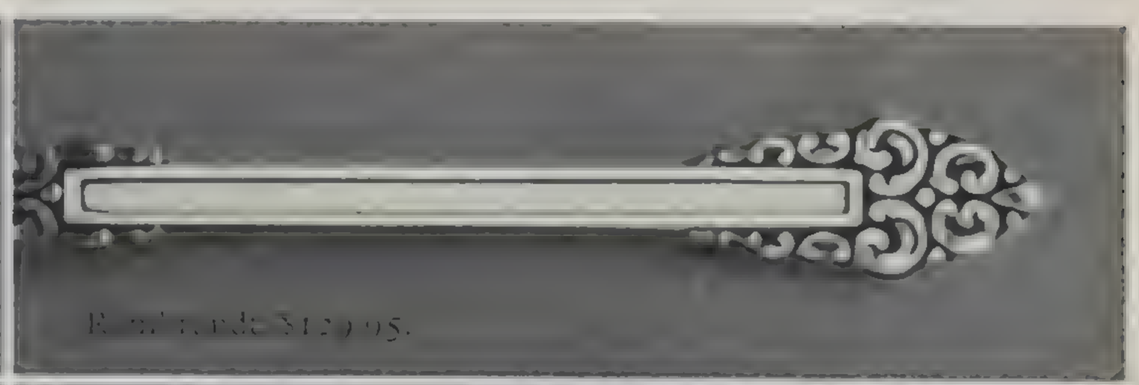
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Christmas, simplified.

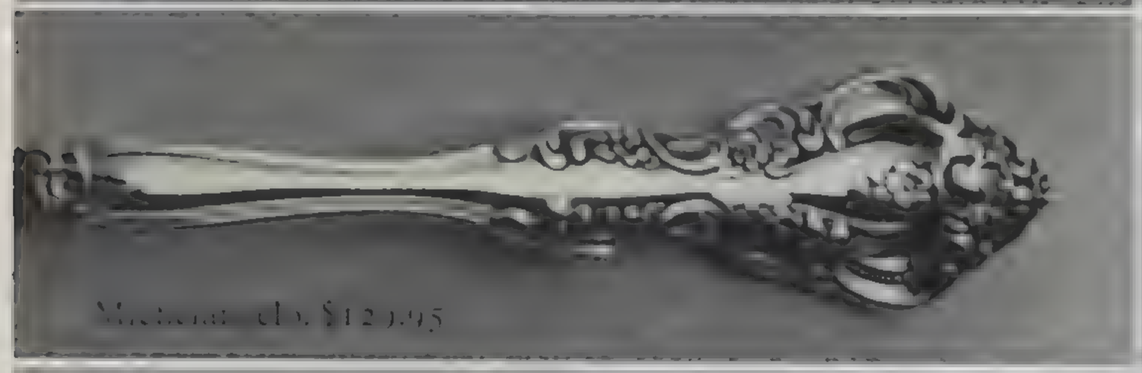
Simply circle the beautiful Oneida stainless pattern
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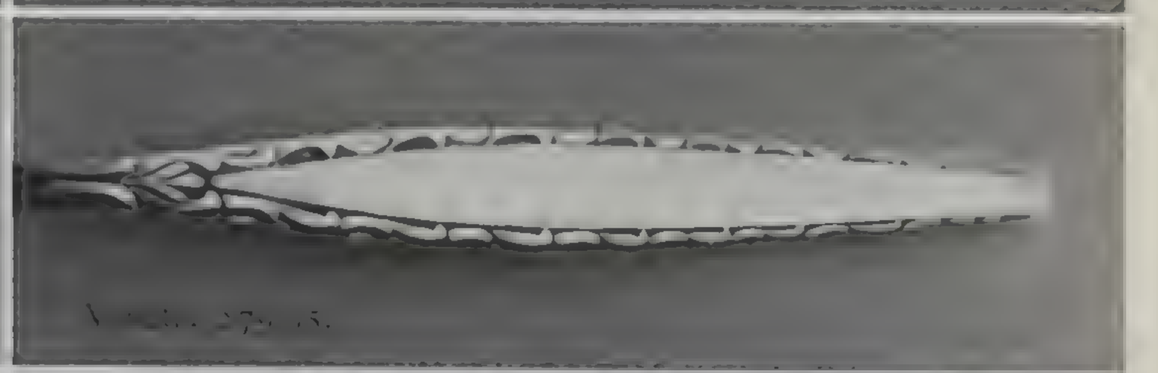
Spanish Mood. $71.95.



Buttercup. $129.95.



Mediterranean. $120.95



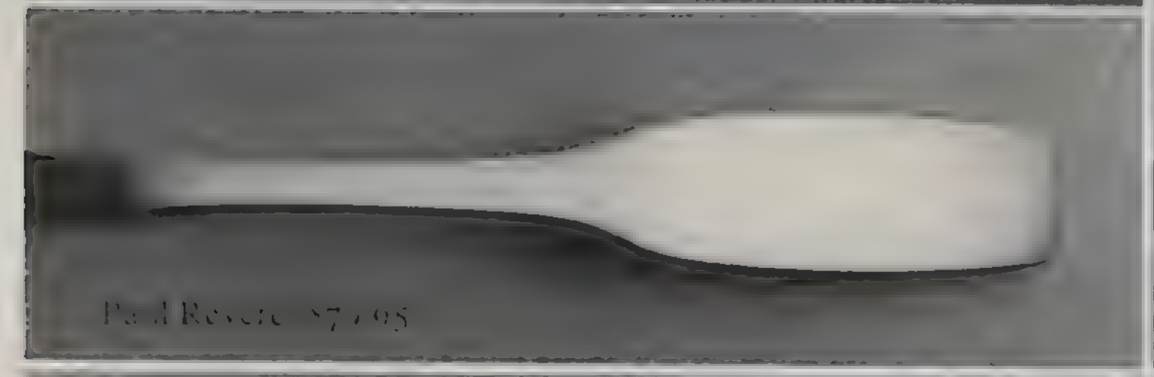
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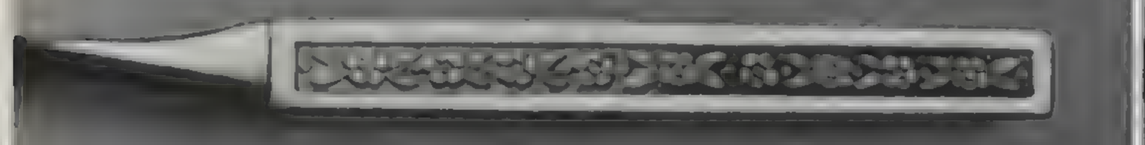
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50 piece services for 8. At fine jewelry and department stores.



Oneida Silversmiths

The silver cube. Oneida's mark of excellence. ©1971 Oneida Ltd

Cover Girl Cybill Shepherd

Cover Girl Part 2: Your Eyes



Cybill Shepherd's eye make-up has to be more than beautiful. It has to be gentle, too.

Cover Girl® created it.

Two new mascaras! Now choose any lash look you like. And have it, beautifully!

Super-lash. The one-stroke mascara that goes on super fast, and looks super rich.

Natural-lash. The no-soap mascara formula that quick-dries without smudging. Lengthens, coat after coat.

Lashes, naturally! Pre-trimmed, pre-feathered. Lightweight but lush. Washable, too. Three styles (Flutters, Demis, Sunbursts) in black or brown.

Eye shadow sets! Now you can shape and shadow the way models do.

Six-color kits. A complete shadow wardrobe (frosteds and mattes) to flatter your own eye color. For blue, green, brown, or hazel eyes.

Two-color kit. Soft, subtle shades, each with its own frosted highlighter. (Cybill, opposite, wears Gentle Blue with Blue Frost.)



Eye-opening liners! Three different kinds of liner, all in natural, stay-put shades.

Liquid liner. Built-in fine-line brush. New no-flake, no-fade formula.

Cake liner twins. A basic (black, brown). Plus a soft natural, for softer effects.

Automatic eye liner. Just the right amount of liner, so it's extra-easy to use.

Eyebrow two's, too! Two-color kit, because two shades look more natural than one. Blend light with dark for a believably beautiful look.



This is it.

The first eye make-up so beautiful, today's top Cover Girls love the look.

So pure, it's dermatologist-tested for gentleness.

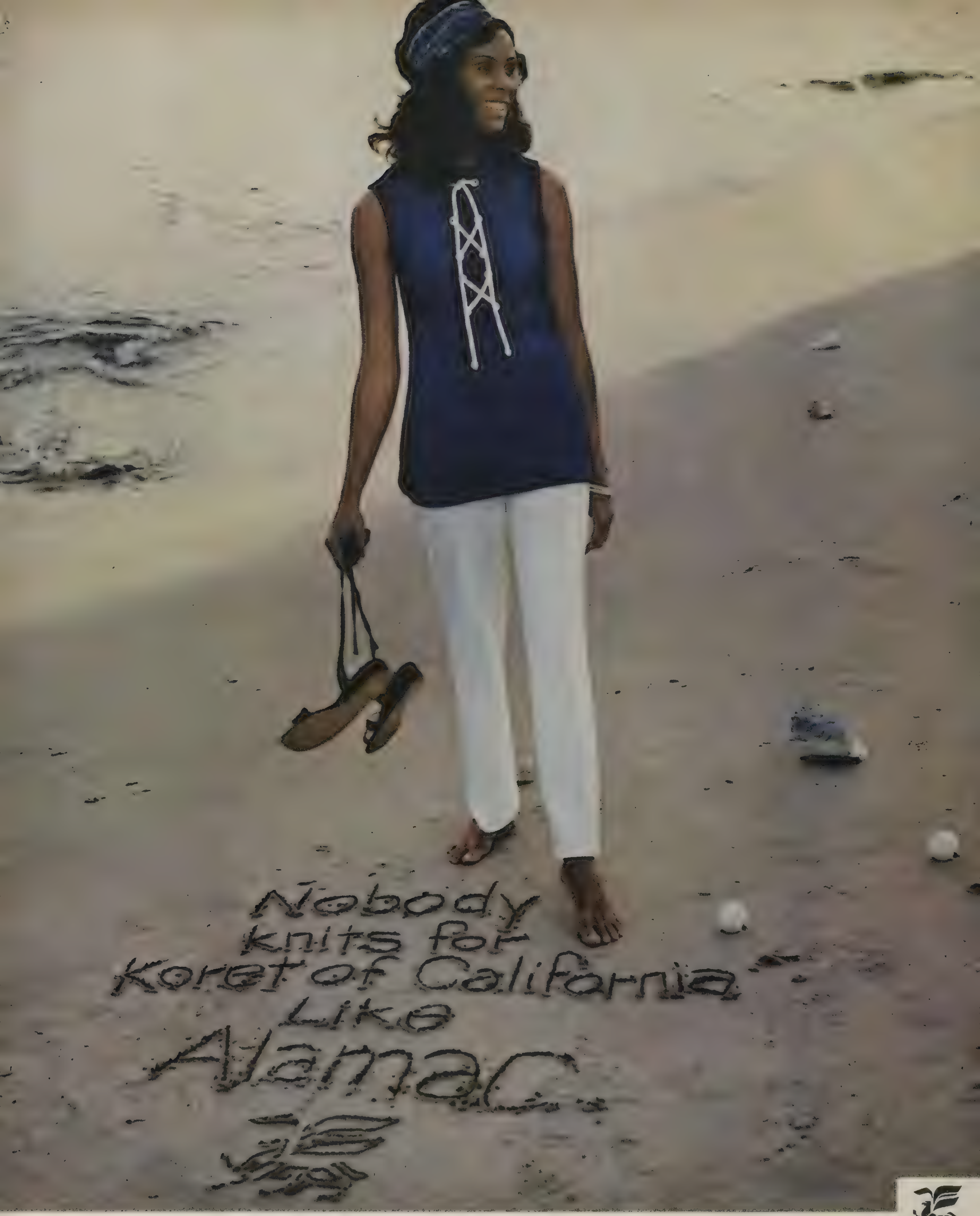
Now you can make the most of your eyes, with new Cover Girl Eyes!

With soft, subtle, un-copycat shades. That go on in an easy, uncomplicated way. (So easy to do, you'll be as expert as a model!)

Want a look that's natural, new, and totally you? Do it. With new Cover Girl Eyes!

New Cover Girl Eyes™

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF Noxell CORPORATION



Alamac's all cotton knit for Koret of California®. Tunic in all white or navy, yellow, red, blue with white trim. About $18.
Coordinating pants in white, yellow, red, navy and blue. About $15. Sizes 8-18. At better stores.
Fabric by Alamac Knitting Mills, 1412 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018. A division of WestPoint Pepperell.

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More than just time

Inspired styling, traditional accuracy, dependable performance. Extra features for today's exacting and busy world. Above all, the Hamilton name and reputation, synonymous with excellence for 80 years. For yourself or for a special gift, see your Hamilton jeweler's complete selection.

HAMILTON



A. DATELINE TM-5904*, self-winding, calendar, $89.95

B. LADY LANCASTER AC, ¼ carat diamond weight, 14K gold, $325

C. GOLDEN CLASSIC JK, 12 diamonds, 12 Chatham emeralds, 14K gold case and bracelet, $850

D. GOLDEN CLASSIC LM, 2 diamonds, 14K gold case and bracelet, $210

E. DATELINE TM-1000B, self-winding, calendar, 18K gold case and bracelet, $800

F. DATELINE A-478*, self-winding, calendar, $110

*Water-resistant.

Other Hamilton models to $1850.

Hamilton-Official watch of Delta Air Lines

Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna. 17604


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THERE IS ONLY ONE JOY...THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD



For the universal woman, a limited collection in eighteen carat gold with matching dials and bracelets. Also shown, three natural stone dials: tiger's eye, lapis lazuli and malachite. For the universal woman who leaves her own mark on time.

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"Space is Infinite — Time and Fashion are Universal." For brochure write: Universal Geneve, Dept. A, 501 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022



You ought to be in Mink & Pearls™.

Perfume by Jovan

PEARL ENSEMBLE BY ELINOR SIMMONS FOR MALCOLM STARR; RANCH MINK CAPE BY MAXIMILIAN; PEARL TURBAN BY JULES VAN ROUGE.

Perfume, Eau de Toilette, Eau de Cologne and fragranced bath accessories, $30 to $3.50.
At cosmetic counters of America's finest stores. Mink & Pearls by Jovan, Inc., 875 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611



you won't believe what this little body shaper will do for you...

here's why it costs $70

Doesn't look much more than a leotard? Guess again! It took ARIS three years to perfect this first-of-its-kind ISOTONER™ Body Beauty Suit. Its unique action gives you a sensation you've never felt before. Slip into it after you've smoothed on the ISOTONER™ Motion Cream that's included, and the two combine forces to multiply many times the action of each. Engineered to make you feel like you're getting a massage head-to-toe! Makes your thighs and upper arms feel firmer, your body more relaxed, supple and smoother—moisturizes your skin, too. Wear it solo, with a skirt...or even sleep in it. And all the time, it's shaping you up effortlessly. Once you try it on, you'll say it's priceless!

Suit: Petite, Small, Medium, Large in Black, Brown, Navy, Burgundy, Nude—with 2 oz. Cream.

ARIS ISOTONER
10 E. 38th St., New York, N.Y. 10016

Available in the Cosmetic Departments of BERGDORF GOODMAN, I. MAGNIN, BONWIT TELLER, NEIMAN MARCUS, J. W. ROBINSON and other fine stores

Beauty Checkout

S	P	M	E	T	U	D	R	I	A	L	♥	Y	B
I	R	M	A	J	A	A	R	A	M	I	S	R	♥
I	I	E	♥	C	L	L	E	R	O	N	U	E	M
I	V	C	D	A	♥	C	A	B	A	T	R	V	Y
Y	E	U	C	L	K	A	N	O	N	E	E	I	S
H	G	S	A	A	U	B	♥	♥	F	R	P	F	I
C	A	S	L	N	C	O	T	Y	E	D	L	O	N
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E	C	N	C	R	I	H	A	S	M	T	Q	L	D
V	H	♥	H	E	L	A	E	C	E	♥	U	E	A
I	E	♥	E	L	Y	R	S	A	H	T	E	N	N
G	♥	T	W	E	E	D	O	N	♥	E	I	A	A
M	I	S	S	D	I	O	R	O	♥	♥	T	H	X
E	E	T	S	E	Y	O	J	E	O	D	E	C	W

Scents and scents-ability

If the above looks to you like alphabet eggnog, don't believe your eyes—filling up all those squares is a cache of perfumery: the names of one famous scent-maker, two fragrant flowers, and 29 of one of man's best gifts to woman—and vice versa—great perfume. The trick is to find the 32; all the letters are in order—but the order is out of order: reading up . . . and down . . . diagonally . . . left to right and right to left. (If you know your way around Chinese—or Hebrew—you've got it made. Almost.) . . . For those with less adventurous reading habits (and for peekers), the solution—as well as ounces of inspiration for every problem present on your list—is on page 186. . . .

Scent with intent

Garlic, as we all know, keeps vampires at bay. In India, it's the scent of sandalwood, myrrh, and camphor that propitiates evil spirits, and the mere whiff of a rose is said to induce mild euphoria. . . . The intoxicating, evocative powers of herbs, spices, and aromatics have been in the air forever. Orange flowers, according to the Saracens, were a portent that a union would be blessed with children. To sniff the faintly hypnotic fragrance of certain flowers like hyacinth and cyclamen is to swoon—good reason to follow the old wives' advice not to leave them in a bedroom all night. And the delicately scented amber was regarded as protection against plague in the Middle Ages, when European alchemists were really getting it together. Specific ingredients for specific effects. This idea has now been revived by the Clinique people (of the same excellent skin-care line famous for no-scents) who have put together potent, particular ingredients with effect very much in mind. They chose orange flower because it's soothing, sandalwood and camomile for a clean-clean feeling, civet and jasmine for basic, come-hither pow . . . not to mention skin-softening ylang-ylang and oakmoss, and a rose meant to be exceptionally freshening. So special is the resulting elixir they don't even call it perfume: Clinique Aromatics is the name—one strength, and the recommended one spray daily (from the one-size aerosol) should effect a sexy, healthy, immaculate, spirited feeling, presto! One rumored to be habit-forming. . . . (More, page 50)

The lady has taste.



Taste in the pretty things she keeps around her. Taste in her cigarette. Eve. A rich yet gentle tobacco blend. With pretty filter tip, pretty pack. Flavor-rich Eve. The natural choice for a lady with taste. Like you. Also with menthol.

Smoke pretty eve regular & menthol

Filter: 17 mg. "Tar," 1.2 mg. Nicotine. Menthol: 17 mg. "Tar," 1.1 mg. Nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug. '71).



Countess Mara designs for "one man in a million"

The individuality of Countess Mara ties is apparent to even the most casual observer. Even before a man notices the famous coronet discreetly embroidered on each tie, he senses the aura of good taste and originality that signature connotes.

This individual character is reflected in all CM ties —those priced at $10 to $100 as well as those gem-accented creations at $250. And it is the reason every CM tie makes a worthy gift for "one man in a million."

Countess Mara, Inc. 110 E. 57th St. at Park Ave., New York

Countess Mara®

"A man should fall in love
with you. Not with your perfume.
That's the theory behind Tortue."

Polly Bergen



Tortue.
Made to be noticed only
by those closest to you.





Beautifully etched gold waves ripple around the heavy synthetic sapphire crystal. 18K gold. Ref. BC 711'1688.



40 diamonds crowning an 18K white-gold case. Polished gold dial, smoky quartz crystal with checkered 18K white-gold bracelet. Ref. BC 811'958.

28 diamonds surrounding an 18K white-gold case. Slate-grey quartered dial with synthetic sapphire crystal. Ref. BC 811'957.

Gübelin presents a new and striking selection of ladies' watches by Omega.

Time moves into new dimensions with these exclusive avant-garde watches. Heavy synthetic sapphire-cut crystals enhance the elegant slimness of a lady's wrist. Created by Pierre Moinat.

GÜBELIN

745
Fifth Avenue
New York

Beauty Checkout

God rest ye

A little frazzle is one thing—like presents, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without it. It's the bone-wearying, nerve-quivering, joy-killing step beyond that you want to avoid. And who says you can is a prophet for our times named Milton Feher. Mr. Feher, teacher of an exercise regime based on yoga, ballet, and modern dance, is the founder of the School of Dance and Relaxation, in New York—a kind of toning-up, winding-down mecca for dancers, singers, athletes, and kindred harried civilians . . . even as thee and we. So here, for those who would better brave the crush from handbag counter to perfumes, with carols being piped into every pore—or the everyday perils of any season: tidings of comfort from Milton Feher. . . .

"Everything you do can make you more relaxed"—if you do it correctly. Don't simply let go; relaxation isn't withdrawing or pulling out. ***The idea is to do whatever you're doing as easily as possible.*** And the key is a well-balanced body—shoulders down, loose; pelvis vertical (tilted, the top of the pelvis goes forward and makes the abdomen protrude, bottom goes backward and makes the derrière protrude). To put the pelvis in its proper place: stand with feet 24" apart, toes forward; bend knees as far as you can comfortably, with weight evenly on toes and heels; pull in tummy. If your back is arched, tuck your derrière under. Straighten your knees. Every part of the body is now perfectly aligned, and each needs very little help in remaining erect because each is completely supported by the part below—no stress anywhere. Stress is what happens when posture is faulty . . . and posture is faulty when tension is present. . . .

Some tension is a yes-yes—good for circulation, for muscle toning, for rising to occasions. It's when tension becomes an habitual response that trouble starts—the headaches, backaches—the whole grim, but avoidable, catalogue of ills. Learn the signs—all those quirky mannerisms like hunched shoulders, clenched jaws, frowning, staring, speaking too softly, frequent throat-clearing, pencil-clutching, fist-making, involuntary sighs—once you're aware of tension in others, it's possible to recognize growing pressure in yourself. Relax. . . . Dancing is marvelous. Especially for singers. Singing is great for dancers. Walking is super for everyone. Ditto swimming, tennis, ice-skating, unicycling—any sport, provided you remain relaxed as you play. . . . ***Five-minute de-tenser:*** lie flat on the floor, tuck a 3-inch pillow under your head, bend your legs at right angles and prop lower legs on a chair. Then place your hands on your abdomen and feel it rise as you inhale, fall as you exhale. Concentrate on this for at least 5 minutes. . . .

How To Relax in New York City—name of a Milton Feher special course, in which, among other survival tips, the following are forthcoming: Value a subway seat as you would a good Swedish masseuse—the vibrations, the lurching and jolting can be as loosening as vigorous massage. . . . Before you go out shopping, do a few simple toning-up exercises; they relax the body so well that even queuing with the children to see Santa won't destroy you. . . . Walk where you're going. Walk correctly—not leaning forward, not tilting from side to side—with legs swinging out straight ahead. Strengthens your feet, straightens your back, flattens the tummy . . . relaxes you. . . . If you're strap-hanging, don't grip tightly; relax your arm; feel your feet resting on the ground. . . . Don't get uptight about pollution; ***fear of it can be more destructive than pollution itself.*** Make yourself breathe normally—the relaxation thus gained far outweighs any harm in the air. . . . Remember: relaxation isn't turning away; it's functioning more completely. . . . The Milton Feher School of Dance and Relaxation is at 200 West 58th Street, in New York. But if you can't get over to Milton, Milton comes over soft and clear to you—via his *Relaxation Record;* at The Record Hunter, 507 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.


fidji
A
DROP
MORE
PROVOCATIVE
THAN
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EVER
TRIED
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GUY LAROCHE
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Beautiful things happen
with Fidji...
exotic fragrance by Guy Laroche · Paris

Introducing Remington Steam Rollers.
They increase the life of your curl without decreasing the life of your hair.



Instant curlers can set your hair in about ten to fifteen minutes.

Unfortunately, five or six hours later, it usually looks like it was set in ten to fifteen seconds.

According to actual laboratory tests, however, Remington™ Steam Rollers™ can keep your hair in beautiful curls for 24 hours or more. Which, for an instant curl, is practically immortality.

How can we do it?

Our rollers are specially constructed to build up heat faster and to hold the heat better. (It has to do with how they're made and what they're made of.)

And our Sure-Grip™ clips are specially constructed to hold our rollers better. (They sandwich the roller so tightly, it has no chance to sag. Which means your curls won't sag either.)

Perhaps even more important, our steam curler sets your hair with moisture as well as heat. And, as you well know, your hair holds better when it's set slightly damp.

(Besides, when your hair is set with moisture as well as heat, the chance of split ends is greatly lessened.)

A few more things about our Steam Rollers.

Its front opening drawers make the rollers very easy to get at. It also has a dot that tells you when the rollers are ready to roll and a safety thermostat that prevents burn outs if you forget to shut the machine off.

But we didn't just worry about the condition of your curl and forget about the condition of your hair. For that, we recommend our new lanolin enriched, heat activated Remington™ hair conditioner. Use it with our Steam Rollers and you'll find you'll get an even better set.



So, not only can we give your curls a long life, we can also give them a happy life.

Lady Remington Steam Rollers.™
The instant curler that gives you a 24 hour set.

SPERRY RAND™ REMINGTON; STEAMROLLERS; SURE GRIP CLIPS; PRINCESS: TRADEMARKS OF SPERRY RAND CORP. © 1970 S.R. REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVER DIVISION, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

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(Advertisement)
The Scientific Approach to Beauty

AMINO PON PRODERMA CREAM



FOR THOSE WOMEN WHO TREASURE THEIR SKIN

Are you one of those special breed of women who love to pamper and spoil their skin? Is total skin care of the utmost importance to you? Well, Redken created Amino Pon Proderma Cream especially for you. To keep you looking smashingly lovely. Enviously youthful!

This famous little ebony jar of precious pink cream wasn't born overnight. Over 336 different formulations were tried and tested. And, then finally Redken discovered the perfect harmony of rich emollients and luxurious moisturizers blended generously with Proderma—a very special, very exclusive ingredient which actually duplicates the protein structure of the skin. Now what could be lovelier, or more natural!

Proderma is acid-balanced, too. Its 5 to 5.5 pH gently conforms to the delicate acid mantle of your skin.

When used regularly as a night cream treatment, Proderma's elegant ingredients will help firm puffy areas. Guards against those nasty (and terribly revealing) dry skin lines, too.

Proderma will keep your skin sumptuously silky . . . and very tender to the touch!

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER . . . FROM YOUR SALON

During this holiday season many leading salons across the country are favoring their valued patrons with lovely gift-size Amino Pon Proderma Cream, Amino Pon Moisturizing Lotion and Amino-Pon Beauty Bar. All the products from Redken's Amino Pon beauty boutique are acid-balanced, organic protein products.

The entire family of Redken fine beauty and hair care products are sold exclusively through professional beauty salons. For the name of the salon in your area using and selling Redken products, write (your zip code must be included) to: Redken Laboratories Inc., Dept. B, 14721 Califa St., Van Nuys, Calif. 91401.

Or, look for the salon displaying the emblem below!

MEMBER—HAIR RESEARCH DIVISION
REDKEN
The Scientific Approach to Hairdressing

REDKEN
The Scientific Approach
©1971 REDKEN LABORATORIES, INC., VAN NUYS, CALIF. 91401

Ready Beauty

The days get shorter, the list gets longer, but not to worry—everyone of the nifties below is absolutely fit to be Yule-tied.

Between the covers

There is something very cozy about book-giving. Books are intimate but not pushy. They flatter. They contribute. They endear. And one's women friends are invariably enchanted to curl up with a volume on Staying Beautiful. *The International Beauty Book* by Beulah Roth (Price/Stern/Sloan Publishers, Inc.) is great fun to read and even more fun to do. The four-layer masque from Hungary is, itself, worth the price of the book. And that Portuguese lemon peel! . . . *Movement Fundamentals* by Janet A. Wessel (Prentice-Hall, Inc.) is a superbly clear, engrossing, scientifically sure layout on the living style of the body and how it can be even more lively and stylish. . . . *The Chemicals We Eat* by Dr. Melvin A. Benarde (American Heritage Press) is a de-fusing of the Additive Bomb, both a comfort and a caution. . . . *The New York Times Natural Foods Cookbook* by Jean Hewitt (Quadrangle Books)—just out, and a treasure chest of scrumptious recipes one's great grandmother learned when she was a girl in Spain or Russia or Denmark, before things came out of cans. . . . *The Long and Short of It* is by Bill Severn (David McKay Company, Inc.) and its subtitle tells all: *Five Thousand Years of Fun and Fury Over Hair*. Men will adore this one.

Current events

Should be a toss-up this year as to whether the flippiest electrics will be on the tree or under it. *Clairol's pint-size and powerful Air Brush* (the brush is detachable) has 500 watts for the speediest hair-drying ever. A three-position switch turns on to 120 or 220 voltage like a savvy little traveler. . . . *Toni's Max* is a sky's-the-limit-blue mini dryer with a huge-toothed comb that slides on or off and is designed to do all those beauty-parlor lifts and swoops with astonishing ease. . . . *The Sunbeam Lighted Mini Cosmetic Mirror* goes anywhere—coal mines, mountaintops, guest bedrooms, anywhere. It's cordless, compact-sized (well, maybe a jot bigger), and holds both regular and magnifying mirrors. There's an adjustable light bar and a tidy space for makeup. . . . *General Electric has a General Purpose Massager* that's a winner on its stiff-neck-de-tensing alone. There are, in all, four deliciously thrumming attachments to tune up circulation of scalp, skin, muscles, and all-around well-being.

Naturally gifted

For sheer pluminess, it is hard to beat the pleasures of nosing around the Caswell-Massey apothecary in New York. Almost everything is made of natural herbs and spices and petals, and one is swept up in the seductions of fresh cucumber soap, flower-scented cachous to sweeten the breath, bath oils steeped in heliotrope or white rose or tantalizing patchouli. There are great jars of potpourri, and joss sticks with names like Indian Poppy and Mysore Sandalwood; and the famous Number 6 Cologne that was favored by the Marquis de Lafayette is still highly regarded. The Floris products from London are a garden of bliss all by themselves. There are perfumes (Violette de Parme causes eyelids to flutter), colognes (wait until you've sniffed New Mown Hay). Caswell-Massey attractions are in more than 2,000 stores all over the country and their engaging catalogue is yours for the writing. (More, page 56)

CHANTILLY

THE FRAGRANCE THAT CAN SHAKE HER WORLD. (AND YOURS.)

BLENDED IN U.S.A.

*Essence de Chantilly
Dusting Powder,
Parfum de Toilette
Spray Mist (refillable).
$11.00

Chantilly Dusting Powder,
Eau de Toilette Spray Mist.
$6.50

*Chantilly
Eau de Toilette
Pure Spray.
$5.00

Collection Royale

Le Boîte d'Or Heritage Dusting Powder.
$7.50

Le Flacon Louis XVI
Eau de Parfum. $20.00

Le Flacon
de Versailles
Eau de Parfum.
$15.00

*Essence de Chantilly
Dusting Powder,
Parfum de Toilette Spray Mist,
Spray Perfume Purser. $16.50

Solid Perfume Compacts

*Lady Houbigant, $6.00

*Basketweave, $6.50

*Jewel Box, $6.50

Golden 'Gator, $5.00

*Aurora, $7.50

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Chantilly Perfume, 1 oz. $30.00

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Women over 30
ask me—

"IS IT POSSIBLE TO CONTROL THE FACE-AGE?"

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MOISTURE/35


IRMA SHORELL

"No – you can't change the age – but you can change the appearance. We have succeeded in creating the world's first and finest daytime skin-care cosmetic formulated to benefit over-30 skin in today's fast moving world. It MOISTURIZES • FIRMS • PROTECTS against the elements.

MOISTURE/35 effectively combats the three threats to a youthful appearance . . . one, of course, is dryness; the second, air pollution and the third, cosmetic pollution.

ABSORBS INSTANTLY

Not messy or greasy, its remarkable action begins immediately! Its little-known, highly effective natural ingredients assure all-day protection. A distinctive, peach colored creme that can't be copied or duplicated, it contains NO HORMONES or STEROIDS . . . and is safe for most delicate, hypersensitive skin."



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Ready Beauty


HANK DUNNING

Give yourself a bauble bath

Why wait around for Père Noël to do right by you. Estée Lauder, who has a high hanker for things to be as entrancing as possible, has poured her fragrant, glittering Estée into four new pleasures, and housed them as if they were ornaments to be hung on a Christmas tree. The fat, flashing-silver apothecary jar is ribboned in blue velvet and holds either Perfumed Milk Bath, thick as cream with bubbles, or Super Perfumed Bath Crystals. The ribbed, silvery flask is a purse-spray full of Estée Super Perfume and the arrestingly pretty, lapis-blue enameled hexagon is packed with Solid Super Perfume, the most concentrated Estée of all.

Knight before Christmas

No matter how ardent or resourceful he may be—is touchingly grateful to be told the name of the perfume in your (mutual) life. . . . *Paco Rabanne,* designer, architect, parfumeur, wizard, is responsible for Calandre, which can be had in perfume, eau de toilette spray, and purse spray. The strict, chic, linear bottles (Calandre means grille of a car) reflect the exigent draftsman; but the heady, hothouse-of-a-scent is overwhelmingly Rabanne, the modern romantic. . . . *Parfum Rochas's* Femme, redolent of primroses and Burgundy peaches, goes from a princely four ounces to a wee, enameled Pursatomizer. . . . *Nina Ricci's* newest Lalique magnificence, with solo dove, holds L'Air du Temps-drenched dusting powder. Also new on the L'Air du Temps scene: an extravaganza-sized Eau de Toilette. . . . *Norman Norell's* matchless Norell is now dispensing its breezy allure in spill-less ways: an opaline-cased roll-on and a deeply concentrated gel Perfume-In-A-Pot. . . . *Germaine Monteil* has just put Germaine—that fantasy-flower of a scent—into a dusting powder, a bath oil, and an emerald-cut jewel of a soap.

An IRMA SHORELL discovery...

THE WORLD'S FIRST INSTANT-ACTING FACE MASK!

It Disappears - No waiting
"Picks-You-Up" for hours
No Mess - Skin comes alive!


IRMA SHORELL
World renowned
Skin Care Authority

Like no other mask you've ever used! The "PICK ME UP" Instant-Acting face mask. Spray a 'pool' on your hand—apply it—watch as it wakes up your face — as it chases away fatigue lines, firms and moisturizes!

No Mess—It Disappears!

No more face-stretching, pulling or tugging—the marvelous white foam is smoothed on in seconds — and disappears in minutes.

Effect Lasts for Hours

Gentle yet stimulating — it leaves your skin tingling, glowing with natural stimulation that lasts for hours. Great morning or evening—anywhere — anytime you want a "PICK ME UP." Your face feels smoother, softer — can be used every day without having that taut — dry feeling. You must use it to believe it!



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bonjour Monsieur Gérard

You may have met him here in his Paris salon, just across Avenue Montaigne from the Plaza Athenée. (Or was it in the Monte-Carlo branch?) You, who love the brilliant, the beautiful; you, who span oceans and continents, fleeting from palazzo to *discothèque,* from chalet to chateau; you, who cherish, who merit perfection.
You know him because he is the most talked-about jeweller in Europe today : Louis Gérard – the jewellers' jeweller. Personal jeweller to the international *élite,* you have admired his glittering fantasies on the most elegant, the most famous, the most privileged of women.
You may even have heard it whispered in the wizard circles of high-finance, that the Maison Gérard has a collection of precious stones of astronomical value and that Monsieur Gérard has also founded (at the same address but separate from the salon) his *Bourse du Brillant* – a haven for the far-sighted gem-investor.
So what are we celebrating here? Well, Monsieur Gérard's *début* before the American public...
And... it's Christmas, so what better time to plan another trip to France and a new addition to your jewel case
?



CONTESSE & Cie D 2688 photos M. TROIS

In a Paris that is fast selling out to *prêt à porter,* boutiquerie and instant-everything, it is a joy to discover an artist of Monsieur Gérard's calibre. As a famous client recently exclaimed, " He has revitalized the whole standard of great jewellery ! " Monsieur Gérard's office, in sharp contrast to the lavish Louis XVI salon, is a spartan sanctuary, unadorned but for a framed photograph of his enchanting muse, his wife, Evelyne. It is here that he works on three annual collections presented in March, June and September. A single bracelet comprising eight major diamonds may take up to seven months to gestate because each stone must be meticulously approved and matched before the final composition.

Perfection takes time ! Much of the modern equipment and revolutionary techniques used in the Gérard workrooms have been developed by Monsieur Gérard personally. Important innovations that have permitted drastic cuts in the final price of his jewellery. Albeit, their prices are not for the fainthearted ! For example, one of the more elaborate sets of sapphires and diamonds, comprising necklace, bracelet, earrings and important clasp, costs around $ 350.000. For this price you have an extremely versatile suite of jewellery : the short clip earrings can be quickly converted into long dazzling pendants ; the necklace – a discreet *collier* – can be worn, if wished, with the clasp attached, or for, gala occasions, transformed by an elaborate addition, to enhance a *décolleté.* Just how this jewellery is so incredibly weightless, so easy to wear and supple to hold, remains a Gérard secret.





Paris
at the "Bourse du Brillant"

Monte-Carlo
La Maison M. Gérard and the Main Salon



So when you are next on the trans-Atlantic jet-route to the City of Lights, or stopping off for a whirl in Monte-Carlo, go and see for yourself. Go, knowing that you will receive a glowing welcome at the Maison Gérard, either from the expert staff or le maitre *himself and that you may bring back something rare, something lasting, something dazzling to treasure forever, that can't be bought anywhere else in the world! .... But don't forget that the* livre d'or *at the Maison Gérard is as secret as the designs for the next collection! So if you can't recall the name of H.R.H. purchasing the ruby pendants in the adjoining room, don't expect your discreet* vendeur *to reveal it. After all, the lady may be travelling incognito, or planning to surprise her guests back in New York tonight.*

A. CASTAING Paris, Christmas 1971





WHY THE BEST STYLER/DRYER FOR WOMEN IS THE HOT COMB™ FOR MEN.

When men started wearing more hair, they started having more hair problems.

So Remington introduced a hot-air styler/dryer made especially for men.

The Hot Comb™ styler/dryer.

Little to our surprise, *The Hot Comb* was an instant success with men.

Much to our surprise, it was also an instant success with women. For the first time, someone had come out with the hot-air styler/dryer women wanted all along.

You see, unlike many of the women's products, *The Hot Comb* doesn't try to do too much. (We made it for a man. It had to be simple.)

The Hot Comb comes with the most basic attachments. A regular comb, a fine comb and a brush. To do a basic styling and shaping job. Nothing more.

So, while *The Hot Comb* may not be like having a beauty parlor in your bathroom, there's nothing better for the simple everyday jobs.

Like fluffing up straight, droopy hair and giving it body.

Or straightening frizzy, too-curly hair.

Or making thin hair look thicker.

The Hot Comb also has something else you may not be used to in a styler/dryer. A dryer that actually dries.

In between washings you can use the new *Mist-Air Hot Comb*™ to dampen your hair. By combining just the right amount of moisture with the drying power of *The Hot Comb, The Mist-Air Hot Comb* lets you do basic styling without having to wash your hair first.

And for curling hair, there's a version of *The Hot Comb* with rollers. It's called *The Hairdresser.*™

The Hot Comb for men. For women.

Now your hair can look as beautiful as a man's.

THE HOT COMB FROM REMINGTON



REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVER DIVISION, BRIDGEPORT, CONN. REMINGTON, THE HOT COMB, MIST AIR HOT COMB, THE HAIRDRESSER TRADEMARKS OF SPERRY CORP. ©1971 SRC

Get ahead of the crowd
Whether you pick up the new Studio collection
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or the new Insignia collection with
polarized lenses,
you're getting (or giving)
the smoothest shades to show up in eons
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Seamless Sno-Flake.
The seamless bra that doesn't wrinkle.



If you're wearing the clingy new body-hugging fashions, you don't want the seams of your bra showing through.

You need a seamless bra.

There are a lot of new seamless bras around to choose from. And just about all of them have one thing in common. Unless you're a perfect cup size, they'll wrinkle.

It doesn't make much sense to trade your seams for wrinkles.

There is one seamless bra that doesn't wrinkle.

The new Seamless Sno-Flake® by Bali.

Like every new Bali brassiere, the Seamless Sno-Flake was tested on live models. And every one of them came through without a wrinkle.

The secret is our exclusive flat Sno-Flake Dacron® lace. It actually molds itself to your contours. Even if you're an in-between cup size.

It figures that Bali would come up with the answer to the seamless problem. After all, Bali is famous for making the best-fitting, most comfortable bras you can buy.

For years, thousands of women have been wearing our regular Sno-Flake brassiere almost exclusively. And now they can get their favorite bra in a seamless style, too. It's available in bandeau, 3/4 length, and longline.

So everyone can have the fashionable rounded silhouette.

Without seams.

Or wrinkles.



Bali®

(Advertisement)

Medical Journal Article Debunks The Myth About Facial Hair Regrowth

Now no woman need hesitate to remove unsightly facial hair

If you're faced with a hairy problem, you've probably considered enlisting the aid of a good depilatory. Its advantages make it the most convenient, effective, safe way to get rid of unwanted facial hair. None of the painful, possibly scarring, expensive semi-surgical procedure of electrolysis. Or the unfeminine stigma, nicking, and telltale stubble of odious shaving. Or the half-hearted attempts of a bleach that merely tries to cover up the hair you know is still really there.

What then has stopped you from enjoying the liberating benefits of a depilatory? Has it been the widely-shared fear that, once your hair is removed, it may grow back hairier than ever? Forget it—that's all hokum, heresay, and just plain not true! Another old wives' tale that shouldn't deter you any longer from regaining a clear, smooth upper lip. Debunked once and for all by the consensus of modern scientific opinion expressed in a leading medical journal.*

It was on the basis of these findings—which too long have gone undisclosed to the very women who could most profit from them, that Andrea decided to develop a new kind of beauty cream especially for the upper lip, and other delicate areas of a woman's face that may require tender care for unwanted hair. The result is *Visage Clair* cream hair remover for the face—scientifically formulated to melt away excess facial hair smoothly and surely, without stimulating heavy regrowth. Backed by the reassuring guarantee that your hair won't come back either faster, coarser, thicker or darker—or your money back from the Andrea cosmetics people.

Visage Clair is gentle and fragrant as a beauty cream should be—without any offensive medicinal odor—yet so effective in removing hair below the skin surface, there's never a sign of stubble. Regrowth is actually softer, growing-in time longer. And *Visage Clair* does more than just take it off—it provides a total facial treatment for unsightly hair. With every purchase, you get an accessory tube of *Skin-Soothing Conditioner*—to help protect against irritation, as it moisturizes your skin to a more clearly beautiful face. Small wonder that 48 out of 50 women preferred *Visage Clair* when tested against two other leading brands.*

Available at leading drug and cosmetics counters. Or send $3.50 with your name and address to: Andrea Hair, P.O. Box 555, Ryder Street Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11234. Money-Back Guarantee.

***Data supplied upon request**

Ready Vigor

This Christmas, a man occupies a position roughly equivalent to that of a clear-eyed general deploying his troops, or of a super-cerebral computer expert at the controls . . . and he needs that kind of organization to get the best from the most—for the most is what he's offered this year . . . products for his skin, for his hair, for every square inch of him . . . the trick is choosing and using them in just the right combination. And you can help steer him right. . . .

ARAMIS 900 is out to help. Right now, in Bloomingdale's, they've set up an Execuport Computerizing terminal. Whoever He may be fills out a simple in-put card with such data as his age, type of skin, and type of hair. In sixty seconds he receives a print-out with a complete and specific grooming regimen for him alone. Among the new Aramis 900 products which just might be right for him: Hair Thickening Concentrate for fine, fly-away hair; Unruly Hair Manager for coarse, thick unruly hair. . . .

KANØN is beautifully organized, with all the clean grace that so often marks the Scandinavians. They see their Kanøn Konserva treatment products as "an aid in the art of clean-living and self-regard," group them neatly into all-around care packages for the face, the body, and the hair. The Face Care group is downright addictive for shave-sensitive men (and what man isn't?). It starts with astringent face scrub, then extra-rich shave foam, after-shave followed by creamy, emollient face conditioner, and, after a long day, ten-minute Face Tone-Up Mask to refresh the after-six man. All have the clean, woodsy Kanøn scent. . . .

You might divide men into Loyalists and Adventurers when it comes to colognes . . , the Loyalists know what they like, and like to stick with it . . . the Adventurers want to know what's new and try it on for size. Good news for both groups—lots of old favorites in new guises, lots of new winners. . . .

FOR THE LOYALISTS

MONSIEUR DE GIVENCHY: The urbane one; cool, civilized with a lemon-verbena base. Not only to splash on this year, but to spray as well, from a handsome black enamel refillable container in a serpentine shape. Packed in a black mock-alligator plastic travel case. . . .

BRAGGI: The warm, spicy one from Revlon that keeps glowing, growing. Newly packaged this year with a racy orange-and-green striped ribbon and gold medallion on the familiar rosewood-patterned box. . . .

MOUSTACHE: This, from the House of Rochas, has practically become a synonym for 'clean' with its users—fresh and citrus-y. News now in the "Extra Strength" formulation, more potent than cologne for greater lasting power, more dynamic impact. . . .

CANOE: The hardy perennial by Dana that keeps its brisk appeal forever is put up this Christmas in a bright glazed-ceramic decanter shaped like a French Admiral. The hand-painted soldier, at a foot tall, would tower over the competition in a man's bath. . . .

FOR THE ADVENTURERS:

MAQUIS: This cologne sets out to be a unique modern scent unlike any other, and succeeds like anything. The scent and the name are drawn from the dense, aromatic thickets of herbs and shrubs on the rocky island of Corsica. . . .

HAWAIIAN SURF: Hangs on like a surfing champ, a really brisk cologne with a salty tang, packaged in a sea-worthy cork cylinder. . . .

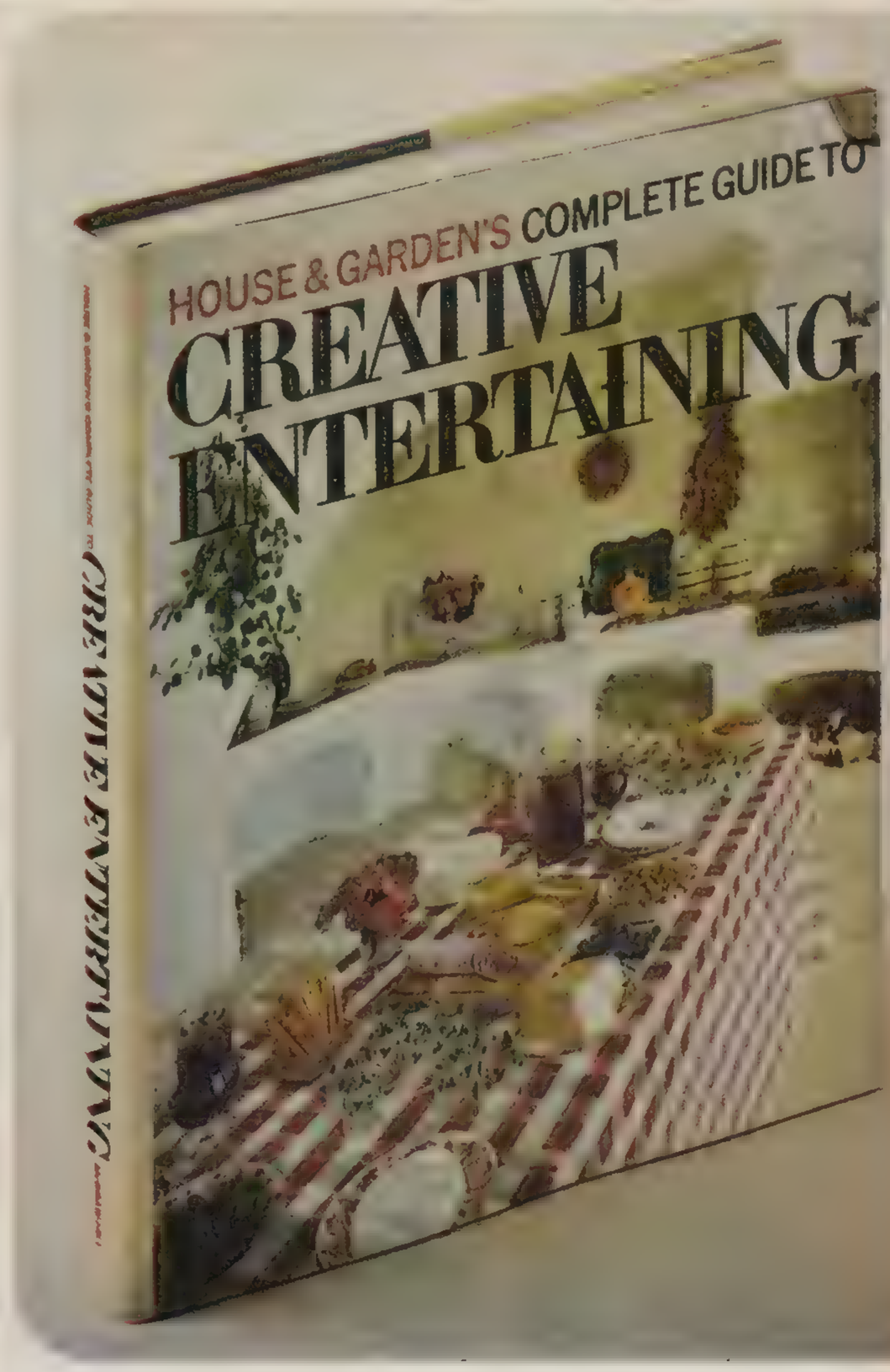
GAME PLAN: Even the football-helmet-shaped bottle tops spell out 'sportive' in this one by Mem. It's a crisp, outdoorsy scent to pep up even the sedentary types whose football is all played via television. . . .

Most Precious



..... Forever

by Revlon *Creator of world famous — "Fire & Ice" perfume*



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SPOTLIGHT:
Books

ELEANOR AND FRANKLIN,

"as unlike as a pea and a pecan," both grown on the Roosevelt tree

By Jean Stafford

The subtitle of Joseph P. Lash's book *Eleanor and Franklin* is "The Story of Their Relationship Based on Eleanor Roosevelt's Private Papers" (W. W. Norton & Company). It *is* a story, so engrossing and so complex that it reads like a work of fiction. Ironic in its paradoxes, extravagant in its extravaganzas and heroic gests and cruelties of accident, if it were not a chronicle based on historic fact, it would strain the reader's credulity. The book is very long and it is occasionally repetitious, but what else could it be? It is surprising that Lash has been able to compress his prodigious material into a space so short, for the time it spans is long and it is crammed with two enormous wars and many other wars vitally important but of shorter duration and fought in narrower theaters. And the cast of characters is as long as the telephone books of the principal cities of two- or three-score nations. The principal roles are played largely by people named Roosevelt, two of whom were Presidents of the United States.

The Hyde-Park Franklin and his cousin Eleanor Oyster-Bay Roosevelt were as unlike as a pea and a pecan that had found themselves, through some freakish permutation, in the same pod or the same shell. They grew up in similar hereditary gardens and groves (planted by ancient settlers of New Amsterdam who husbanded the money that grew upon their trees), but their cradles had been rocked in altogether different rhythms. Eleanor —orphaned at eight by her mother and, for all practical purposes, orphaned by her father who usually was being dried out at a sanitarium after a prolonged wingding at the Knickerbocker Club—was quartered, together with her brothers, on her maternal Grandmother Hall.

While this strict household was well populated with Eleanor's young uncles and aunts, they were too busy to bother with her; and she was wretchedly lonely and, lonely, was cruelly shy. She was gawky, she was plain, she was solemn, she was forever waiting for the realization of the promises her father held out to her: that soon she would come to live with him, or, at any rate, he would take her for a drive through Central Park the next time he came to New York. The promises were never kept; he died dead drunk in a shabby tenement where he had been living under an assumed name.

Franklin, an only child, on the other hand, had what was apparently a sublimely happy childhood, given everything he wanted. But his mother, Sara, cosseted him nearly to the point of suffocation and kept him so securely under her wing that he had no playmates save on ceremonial family occasions. "Sara . . . disclosed . . . that when, at the age of five, he had become melancholy he had 'clasped his hands in front of him and said, "Oh, for freedom"' when she asked him why. She had been genuinely shocked."

From Grandmother Hall's strict and white-gloved house, Eleanor was sent to Allenswood, a boarding school outside London run by Mlle. Marie Souvestre, who moved in the liberal circles of the Stracheys and the Webbs. Her three years there were the happiest, probably, of her life and the most informing: she not only learned languages and history; but she was, as well, awakened to the awful ulcers and mutilations bred in the poor by a greedy and careless society. She returned to New York in dread but dutifully (she was born and died dutiful) went through the torment of a formal début and the tiring nonsense of the "season" following it. But, carrying with her the conscience she had acquired at Allenswood and endowed with boundless energy, she got into settlement-house work.

Franklin's schooling was exactly the opposite. Groton was presided over by the Reverend Endicott Peabody, the quintessential Reverend WASP: ". . . Peabody's values were those of order, hierarchy, discipline, and power; Souvestre's were those of heart, vision, and spirit." But at Harvard, Franklin broke away from these strictures and those of his mother (she wished her son to be a country squire; politics was coarse, common).

By the time Eleanor and he began to have more than cousinly chance meetings at family parties, they were gravitating toward the same path of social awareness. But their hearts, as well as their minds, were conjoined; and they fell charmingly and deeply in love. Their marriage lasted for forty years. In the beginning, Eleanor, believing that men were superior to women, was opposed to the Suffragist movement; in time she became one of the greatest of all crusaders for women's rights. In the beginning, she felt a woman had no place in politics, but she became an indefatigable campaigner for her husband. Both of them were, by inheritance, anti-Semitic and apathetic to the plight of the Negroes, and both disavowed these heirlooms. She feared the sea; but because it was her husband's passion, she learned to swim. Physical ailments made her impatient; but she bore six huge children and her labors were usually difficult, and she nursed them through serious sicknesses and nursed FDR through bouts of double pneumonia, influenza, and the dreadful infantile paralysis which, to a less valiant pair, would have been the final undoing catastrophe.

Mrs. Roosevelt survived with exemplary tact, gritting her teeth, the perpetual interference of her dictatorial, possessive, hidebound, buttinsky mother-in-law; she rose above the diabolically witty barbs of her Cousin Alice Longworth, the most talented cat in Washington; she ignored Westbrook Pegler and Father Coughlin and was deaf to shrieks of "nigger lover." Above all, she survived FDR's romance with her secretary, Lucy Mercer, although it broke her heart and at the time she offered to divorce him. She forgave, but she never forgot. When she arrived in Warm Springs after his death, she learned that Lucy, now Mrs. Rutherfurd, had been at his bedside at the end; but she made no revelation of her feeling.

"Was she still in love with him?" asks Joseph Lash. "She told friends that she had not been, not since her discovery of the Lucy Mercer affair, but that she had given her husband a service of love because of her respect for his leadership and faith in his goals." One friend, Esther Lape, said, "That was her story. Maybe she even half believed it. But I didn't. I don't think she ever stopped loving someone she loved."

They were probably the most astonishing team that ever performed in America and against such formidable odds: national (the 1929 crash and the Depression, World War II, the beginning of serious race troubles); intramural (Hyde Park vs. Oyster Bay); and personal (Eleanor was a teetotaller and by nature withdrawn—in spite of her perpetual traveling to battlezones during the war when she visited barracks and hospitals and brought to tears of fatigue the top brass and tough GI's assigned as her escorts—whereas Franklin, like his Cousin Theodore, loved to hoist a few with the boys—and with pretty women—and sing varsity songs and cut up touches until all hours; Franklin loved good food and Eleanor set a famously bad table). Their political disagreements were impassioned, but in major crises they were allied.

They were united in their principles and united they stood and only death could sunder them. It could not have been a marriage blessed with peaceful domesticity—there were too many domiciles and most of them were fishbowls. But it was, for all its pitfalls and misunderstandings, a successful conjugation. ▼

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

A cause to celebrate

Any tenth anniversary has about it a very special air—completing one decade, entering a new one—but that of a splendid, necessary organization is even more a call for celebration. The World Wildlife Fund, which is engaged in protecting endangered species and wildlife environments all over the world, celebrated its tenth anniversary in late autumn at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. . . .

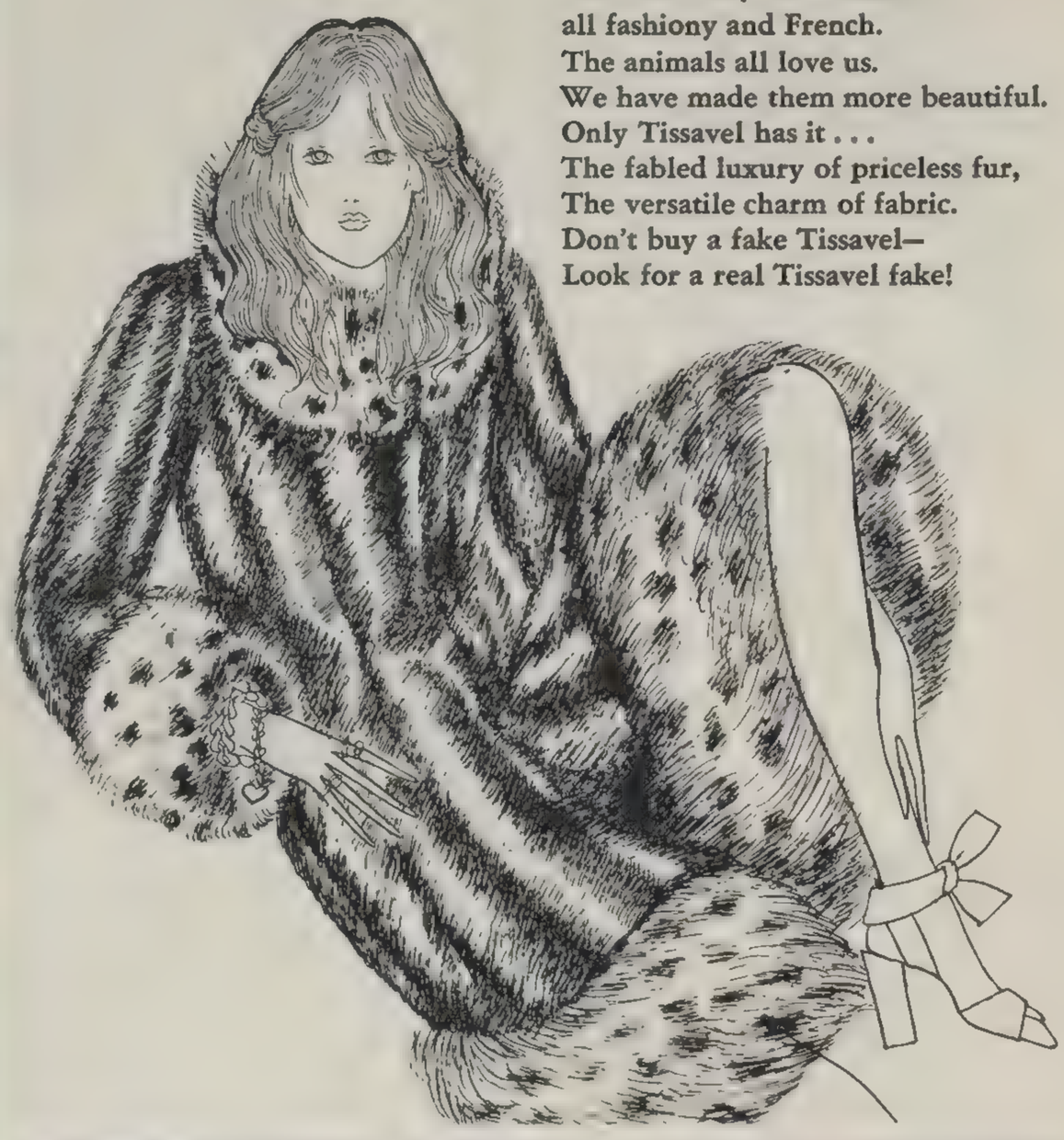


BILL CUNNINGHAM



1. H.R.H. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, President of the World Wildlife Fund, greets Mr. and Mrs. Winston F. C. Guest at the Fund's tenth anniversary dinner. . . . 2. Mrs. Charles P. Payson and, behind her, her brother Mr. John Hay Whitney. . . . 3. The girl in the green bandoliers. . . . 4. Mrs. Vincent Astor in shadow-striped chiffon, H.R.H. Prince Bernhard. . . . 5. Mrs. Aileen Mehle in a short marabou-trimmed dress, marabou stole, and Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale in black silk taffeta. . . . 6. Bareback dresses that mimic the markings of the great cats in printed silk. . . . 7. Mrs. Nathaniel P. Reed and Mr. Joseph Verner Reed, junior. . . . 8. Mrs. Henry Luce in gold-embroidered Indian silk.

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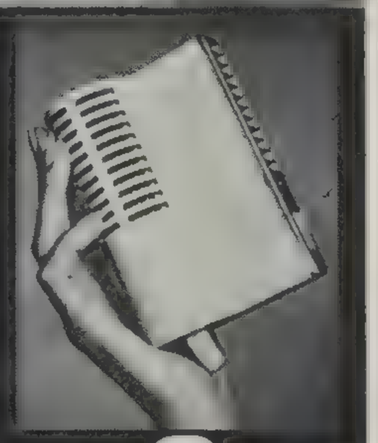


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The prettiest girls in Paris...

Jean-Noël Grinda's birthday

One of the best places to find the prettiest girls in Paris dancing away the night—any given night—is the chic Right Bank Club Privé . . . and never were more of them there, looking prettier than ever, than at the birthday party for the club's owner, former tennis great Jean-Noël Grinda. . . . A great, late party that proved, this year, Parisiennes love black, bared backs, décolletage. . . .





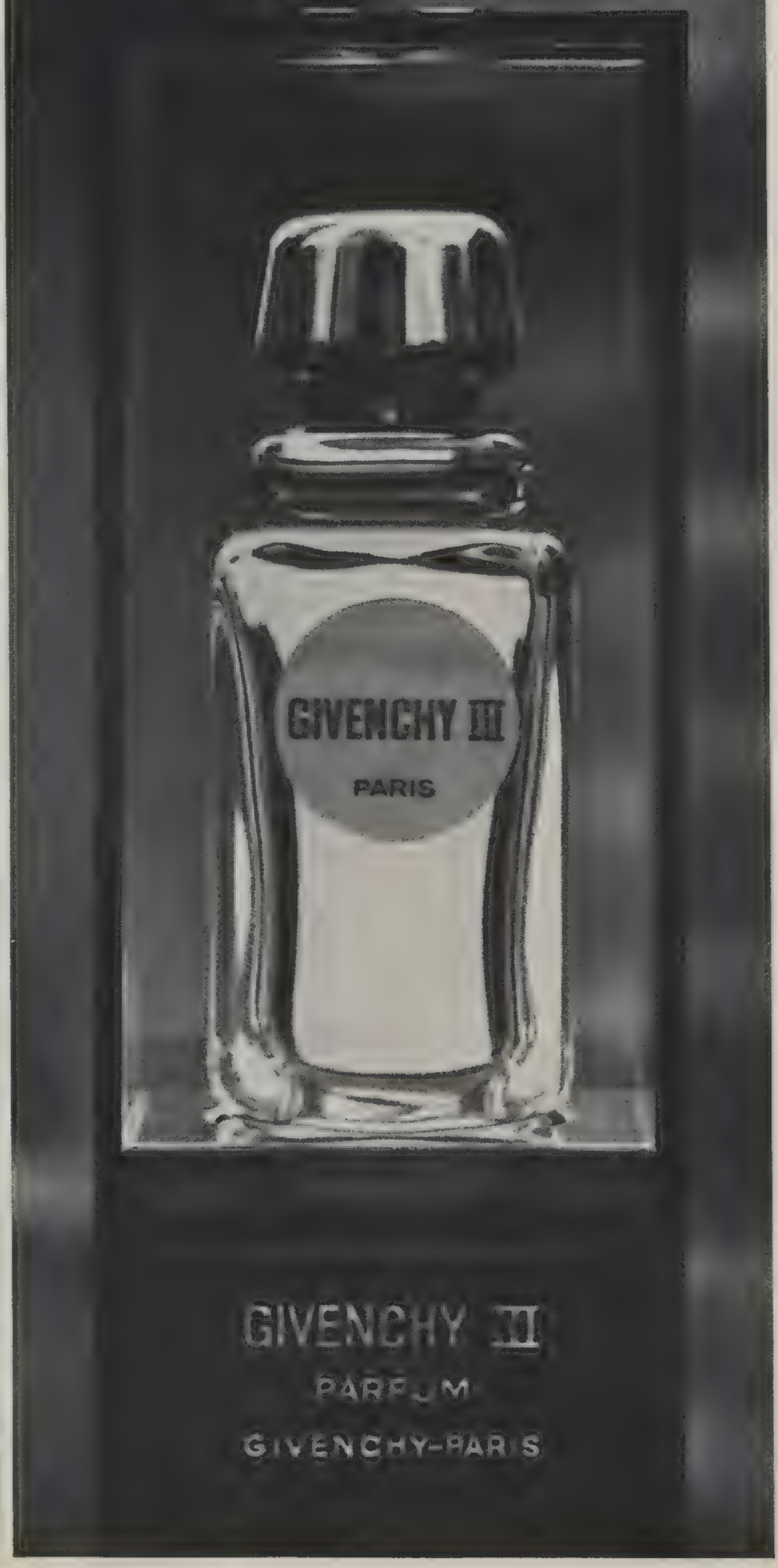
1. M. and Mme. Jean-Noël Grinda. . . . 2. Mme. Jean Jacques Cornet-Épinat in black halter-top silk. . . . 3. Mlle. Anna Falk and Baron Eric de Rothschild. . . . 4. Mlle. Corinne Droit in black velvet blazer, M. Patrice Calmettes in ruffled silk shirt, snakeskin boots. . . . 5. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Evans. . . . 6. Baronne Thierry van Zuylen in black chiffon. . . . 7. M. Thierry Roussel and Miss Georgiana Russell. . . . 8. Signa. Lucia Curia, Miss Marisa Berenson in Halston's black halter-top dress. . . . 9. Mme. Jean-Noël Grinda in white ruffles edged in black. . . .

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Spectacular seventy-fifth

Nathan Cummings' birthday

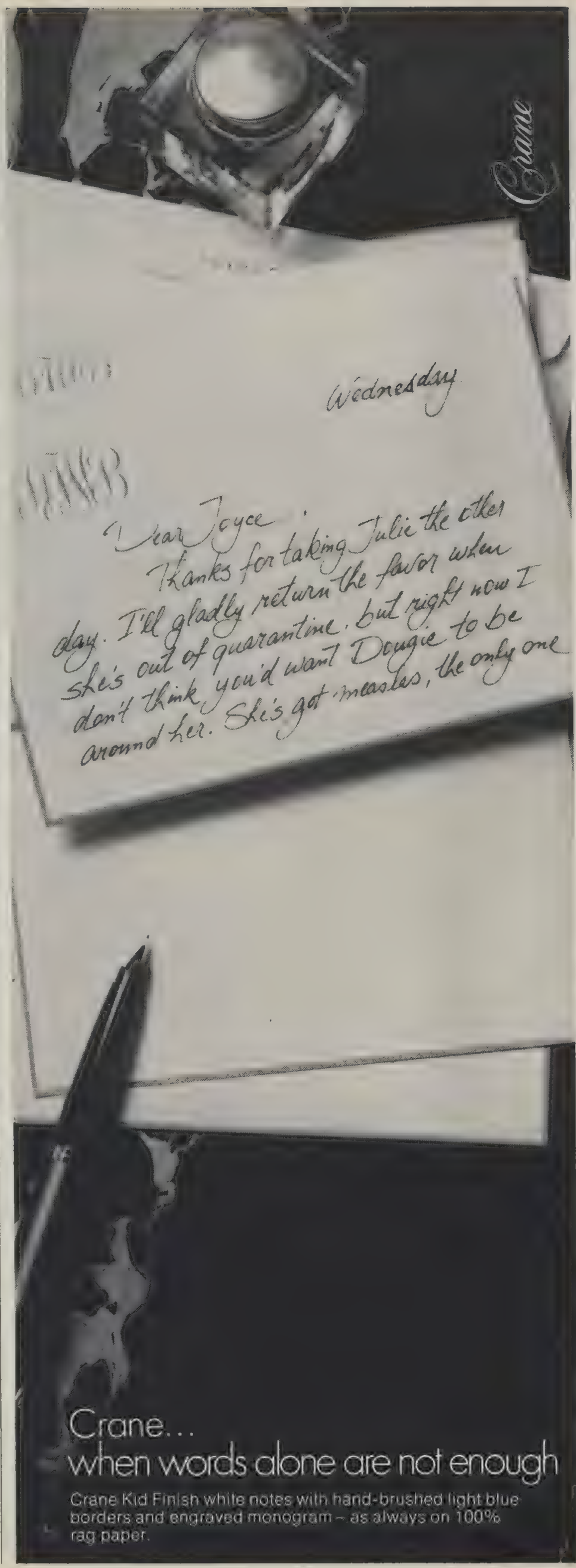
A unique, memorable party that could have happened only in New York, and then, only one man could have given it. . . . Nathan Cummings organized his birthday at the Waldorf-Astoria with his own special brilliance.





The noted philanthropist celebrated his 75th birthday with a splendid party for 650 friends from the worlds of art, finance, business, theater—all done with showmanship, style, and generosity by a man who has all of these in large measure. . . . It began with a seated dinner, followed by moving and amusing tributes to Mr. Cummings by his friends, including composer Sammy Cahn, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour, dancing, and breakfast at 2 A.M.

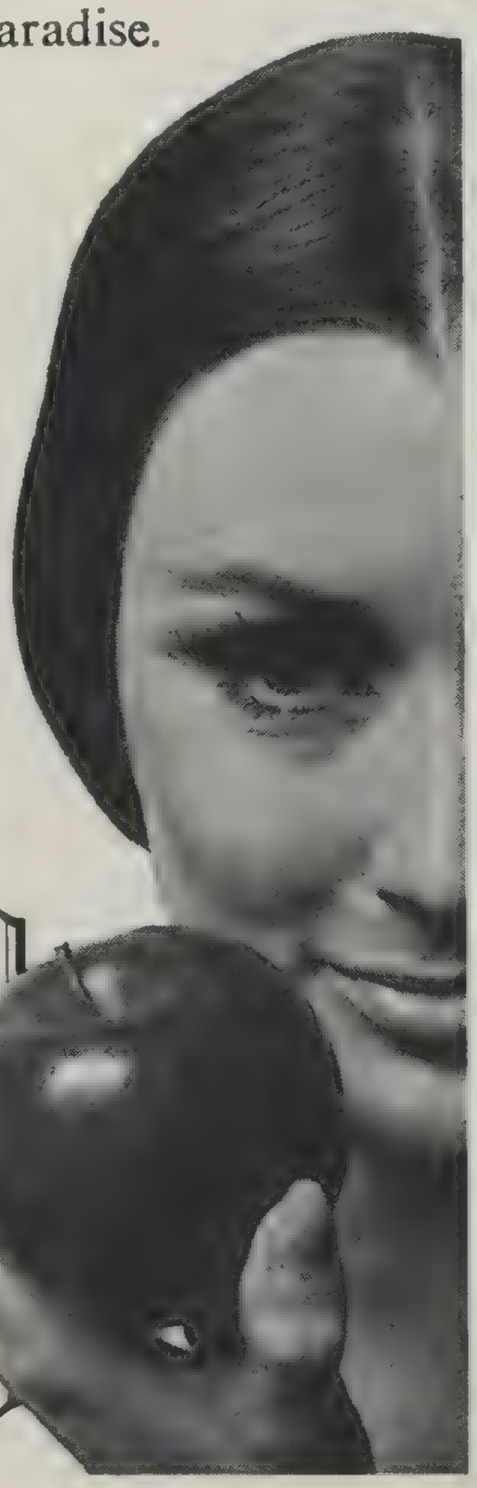
1. Col. and Mrs. Serge Obolensky wish a happy birthday to Mr. Nathan Cummings, right. . . . 2. Mrs. Cummings, in navy-and-white dress by Cardin, thanking the 650 dinner guests in the Waldorf-Astoria. Behind her, the enormous Sarah Lee birthday cake around which members of the family later danced in Mr. Cummings' honor. . . . 3. Mrs. Samuel I. Newhouse and Mr. Milton Rackmill. . . . 4. Mrs. Archie Preissman. . . . 5. Mr. Henry Ford. . . . 6. Governor and Mrs. Nelson A. Rockefeller. . . . 7. Mme. Henri Claudel. . . . 8. Mr. Bob Hope and Miss Dorothy Lamour entertained at the party. . . . 9. Miss Roberta Downs. . . . 10. Mrs. Edwin Hilson, Mrs. Lawrence Copley Thaw. . . .





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VOGUE'S

HORO-SCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



***MARGARET MEAD** was born December 16, 1901, in the sign of the traveling scholar, Sagittarius. On her chart, five of the planets (there are only ten) are in her birth sign; three are in the opposite sign, Gemini, which is the sign of students. The position of her ruler, Jupiter, in the sign of research, Scorpio, indicates the depth and resourcefulness of her search for understanding. Mars (reality) and Venus (social) in organized Capricorn show orderly methods. This extraordinary map with only four signs occupied reveals a consolidated store of wisdom and brilliance.*

FROM DECEMBER 1 THROUGH DECEMBER 31

ARIES, March 21–April 20. Your bold start in any venture inspires confidence but makes unreasonable demands on the energies of others. Your ruler, Mars, now in Pisces may mark an indecisive period. Jupiter (ideas) in Sagittarius may frustrate your plan; wait until Mars changes signs. Neptune, the planet of mystery and illusion, is in a trine (a good aspect) to your sign. It might arouse your curiosity about the occult.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. Impressions and experiences condition your feelings, particularly your trust. As you appear stoic, others unaware of the reason may think you obstinate. Venus, your ruler, now in the practical Earth sign Capricorn, suggests you make important decisions alone, while walking in a natural setting—a park or garden. During Neptune's transit of Sagittarius, you may sharpen investigative abilities.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. Your ruler, Mercury, still transiting Fire Sagittarius will surely be influenced by Neptune there. A subtle change in partnerships, in your attitude toward public affairs could lead you into a new ideology. Many old ways will slide out of your present way of life. Jupiter (luck) in Sagittarius, also, grants many opportunities. This is truly your time to accomplish many of your dreams.

CANCER, June 22–July 23. You are imaginative, sensitive to cosmic changes. But because your ruler, the Moon, changes signs so frequently (every fifty-five hours), it is the Moon's aspects to other planets that influence your life; just as you are revitalized by activity that concerns the welfare of others. With Mars, reality, in a friendly aspect to your sign now, this period is good for you to improve home life.

LEO, July 24–August 23. The tremendous energy of your ruler, the Sun, endows you with vital power. The Sun is now in Sagittarius with lucky Jupiter; ask, seek, search—expect exceptional success. Many opportunities will be offered; an unexpected turn of events at the end (Continued on page 78)

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VOGUE'S HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 76)

of the first week should be accepted. Neptune in a harmonious aspect to your sign should stir your talents in ways of love.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. Your aloof exterior contradicts an inner feeling of frustration at not being able to "let go"—which would help all your endeavors. The influence of Neptune in Sagittarius for a long stay will affect your life strongly. The powerful conjunction of Mercury there, too, means that this is a propitious time for far-reaching ideas, for moves in established areas and corrections in home life.

LIBRA, September 24–October 23. Your desire for balance and a peaceful scene may be the reason you avoid confrontation and refuse to face or even to admit a mistake. Air signs (including yours) gain relief from stress under the influence of Fire. The new moon starts a breakthrough with four planets in Fire Sagittarius, bringing many ideas from friends that will bolster your ego and rouse you from inertia.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. You may inspire awe and misgivings, but you are never superficial. Mars, your ruler, in Water Pisces now should provide a calming influence. Jupiter, good fortune, in your house of money should bring you rewards. You will feel Neptune's influence in your house of possessions—a feeling of "letting go" replaced by a desire to own new things symbolizing your evolution.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. The time you have waited for has come. Four planets are in your sign: Sun (power), Mercury (contracts), Jupiter (luck), and Neptune (vision). This is good for you, but it's best to make decisions after the first week. When Jupiter leaves your sign, you will be more susceptible to mysterious Neptune; guard against being too ego-conscious, creating a world of make-believe.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. You retain a place of solitude, a side that no one can penetrate. Your patient, conservative nature inclines you to study any influence before you act. Now, with four planets in your twelfth house, you can meditate, sort out ideas for the future. When Jupiter enters your sign, you will be prepared. Venus in your sign now shows that your goal at this time should be personal.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. The contradictions of your nature will find relief in the transit of both Jupiter (ideas) and Neptune (inspiration) in Fire Sagittarius, your house of friendship. They are in a sextile, firing you to new activity. Mercury (programs) and the Sun (authority) are there, too. The choice, strongest after the first week, is up to you. A new friend offers an extraordinary plan; move quickly.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. Your unconscious drives often take over, blocking your conscious will. Since yours is the most spiritual sign, Mars (reality) in Pisces now may stimulate you to materialize your inspiration, might offset the frustrations of four Fire planets in a sign alien to you and turn them to your advantage by the challenge. Ideas may come swiftly; you will need to collect, sort, select.

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Someone's in the kitchen with Maxime:

LADY ARABELLA BOXER.

COOKING PENMANSHIP

By Maxime McKendry



CHRISTOPHER SYKES

Maxime McKendry, left, with cookbook writer Arabella Boxer in her pro-status London kitchen

The tall wood-paneled kitchen with herb-filled windows on the garden of Lady Arabella Boxer's Victorian house in Holland Park was designed for and by a professional cook—Arabella Boxer herself. At a huge old "estate management" desk there, this slender Englishwoman with a ruffle of blond hair has written two best-selling cookbooks: *First Slice Your Cookbook*, which was indeed sliced horizontally so that first-, second-, and third-course dishes could be seen together (with recipes printed on papers in light, medium, and heavy colors so the meal is easy to balance, too) and its sequel, *Second Slice*. The capacious house holds, too, her husband, Mark Boxer—a feature editor for the London *Sunday Times*—and their two children: Henrietta, thirteen, greedy and a good critic of food; Charlie, ten, so kind he never criticizes even failures.

Arabella Boxer believes that one should give guests the same simple food one serves the family, only more of it. She likes to make all courses equally important, often skipping potatoes so that the pudding may be enjoyed and serving vegetables separately from the meat, perhaps in a vinaigrette or a soup. Here, some of her recipes:

Carrot soup

6 tablespoons butter
1 pound carrots
1 pound tomatoes
1 ½ cups chicken stock
1 cup creamy milk
Salt, pepper, sugar
Chopped parsley

(Continued on page 85)



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Photo G. Bacci - Roma

 (Continued from page 80)

Carrot soup
(Continued)

Melt the butter in a heavy pan. Slice the carrots finely and cook them very gently in the butter while you peel and chop the tomatoes. Add the tomatoes, cook about 2 minutes. Heat stock and add. Cover and simmer until carrots are soft, about 30 minutes. Heat milk and add. Season with salt, pepper, a pinch of sugar if tomatoes are not sweet enough. Puree.

Arabella Boxer's vegetable soups are topped by whopping spoonfuls of chopped parsley. In fact, parsley is such a passion that she serves alongside the soup a little wooden bowl of chopped parsley, the way Italians serve cheese.

Grilled chicken on watercress salad

1 chicken, cut up
French mustard (Arabella uses Moutarde de Dijon Grey Poupon)
1 lemon
Olive oil
Wine vinegar
Salt, pepper, sugar
2 bunches watercress

Paint the chicken pieces all over with the mustard, and lay them in a shallow dish. Pour over juice of the lemon and enough olive oil to moisten. Marinate about 2 hours, turning occasionally. Broil slowly turning once or twice and basting until done. (Cook fiercely for 4-5 minutes on each side first, then lower the heat to finish. The skin side should be almost black, at least that is how she likes it.) During the last 5 minutes, make vinaigrette dressing, 2 parts oil to 1 of wine vinegar; season with salt, pepper, sugar, and a little mustard. Dip sprigs of prepared watercress in this, shake, and lay on a slightly warmed platter. Lay chicken on bed of watercress.

Marmalade tart

Short pastry:
1 cup flour
6 tablespoons butter
1 egg yolk
A little lemon juice
Pinch of sugar
Filling:
½ pound marmalade
2 eggs
Lemon juice

Make the pastry and line tart pan. Prick with a fork; fill with dried beans, bake for 15 minutes at 400°. Remove the beans, and bake 5 minutes. Cool.

If the marmalade is a coarse one, chop peel in small pieces. Separate eggs; beat yolks until pale yellow. Mix with marmalade and flavor with lemon juice. Beat whites stiff and fold into the marmalade mixture. Spoon into the pastry case; bake at 350° until risen and lightly colored, 25-30 minutes. Serve with cream.

Hodgepodge

This dish dates from the time of the British East India Company (seventeenth century) and was also known by the name of China Chilo. It was thought to be good for the blood after the long sea voyage back from the East. It was sometimes made with raw mutton and had cucumbers added.

1 pound underdone roast mutton or lamb
2 small heads lettuce
Bunch of spring onions or 1 Spanish onion
¾ cup water
4 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper
1 pint shelled green peas (frozen will do)

Chop meat fine and shred lettuce. Cut onions in thin slices, using green part of spring onions. If using a large onion, separate into rings. Combine all except peas. Simmer slowly, covered, ¾ hour. Cook peas separately, drain well, mix with rest of ingredients. Serve very hot, with plain boiled potatoes.



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Parfums Marcel Rochas, Paris / New York

How simple for me to live with you, O Lord! How easy to believe in you!

When, in confusion, my soul bares itself or bends, when the most wise can see no further than this night and do not know what the morrow brings: you fill me with the clear certainty that you exist and that you watch to see that all the paths of righteousness be not closed.

From the heights of worldly glory I am astonished by the path through despair you have provided me—this path from which I have been worthy enough to reflect your radiance to man.

All that I will yet reflect, you will grant me. And, for that which I will not succeed in reflecting, you have appointed others.

ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN,

the towering Soviet novelist, in this prayer, until now circulated only in secret, asserts openly his deeply religious vision of man's future.



Angels from the portal of the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris.

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN



LOVE: THE MIRACLE OF CHRISTMAS,

two powerful images of God's presence in man. Pablo Picasso's painting "Mother and Child," 1921, and, from Morocco, Irving Penn's photograph of a shepherd and his lamb.



Heavenly mirrors



The face—for the mystics of ancient Islam—was a mirror of God. In these six pages, six faces, three of women alive to themselves and to this moment and three from frescoes on the seventeenth-century Ali Qapu or Gate of God in Isfahan, restored for the celebration of the twenty-five-hundredth anniversary of Iran—figures of men (one, *left*) and women caught in opulent abandon. *On this page,* Dominique Sanda, the young French actress and star of *The Conformist,* whose face seems to give off light like some newly discovered planet.

AVEDON

DOMINIQUE SANDA

AVEDON

A Persian maiden from the frescoes decorating the seventeenth-century Persian Gate of God, *right*, coyly biting her kerchief, and Chér, *left*, the American pop singer with a new album *Chér*, whose vitality seems to pulse with supernova fire.



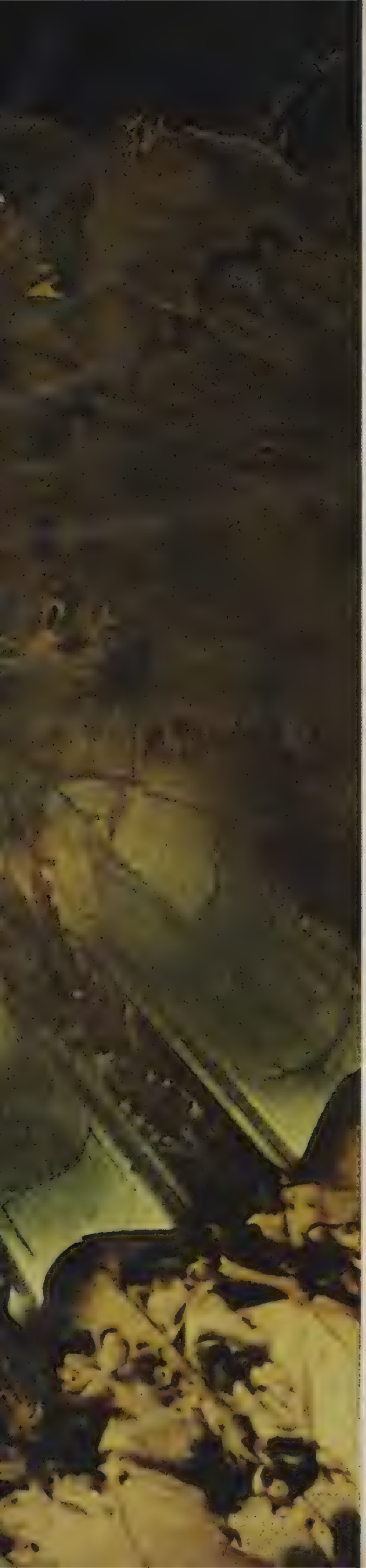
CHÉR



A young rakehell from the Ali Qapu seventeenth-century Persian frescoes, *opposite. This page,* Vanessa Redgrave, the British actress who just completed the starring role in the film *Mary, Queen of Scots,* her beauty, as elusive and maddening as some heath-born will-o'-the-wisp.

AVEDON

VANESSA REDGRAVE



UNFINISHED Cathedrals

BY PIERRE SCHNEIDER

THREE VISIONS: AN ARCHITECT, AN ARTIST, AND A WRITER CAUGHT IN AN EXPLOSION OF THE IMAGINATION—THE GLORIOUS SPIRITUAL LINK BETWEEN GAUDÍ, MONET, AND PROUST AND THE MAJESTIC CATHEDRALS OF THEIR WORK

The three exhibitions that highlighted the cultural season in Paris —Antonio Gaudí at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Marcel Proust at the Musée Jacquemart-André, and Claude Monet at the Musée Marmottan—remind me of those train compartments filled with strangers one reads about in mystery stories: apparently nothing links them; but actually they know each other; or, at least, some hidden schemer has thrown them together.

What more motley a gathering than Catalan architect, Impressionist painter, and society novelist? Nevertheless, there are obvious external similarities. Although far apart in age (Monet was born in 1840; Gaudí, in 1852; Proust, in 1871), all three were very much part of their time until about the turn of the century, when they gradually retired into solitude and seemed to fall out of step with their age; and yet it was precisely then that they created works whose significance for our time, quite neglected when they died (Monet and Gaudí in 1926; Proust, in 1922), is only now being fully realized. Proust had predicted this lag almost to the minute: "Every time somebody looks at things in a slightly new way, the four fourths of the people cannot make heads or tails of what he shows them. It takes at least forty years for them to see."

But are the similarities merely external? In Remembrance of Things Past, the narrator describes the Vivonne, a tiny river near Combray: "Further on, the current slows down and runs through an estate open to the public." There, "in the little ponds formed by the Vivonne, were veritable water-lily gardens." And the narrator comments on "the transparent obliquity of this watery flower bed; this celestial flower bed, too: for it gave the flowers a ground of a color more precious, more moving than the flowers themselves; and, whether in the afternoon it made the kaleidoscope of a watchful, silent and mobile happiness sparkle under the water lilies, or filled, toward evening, like some distant harbor, with the rose and reverie of sunset, constantly changing in order to remain forever in harmony, around the corollas of steadier hues, with what is deepest, most fugitive, most mysterious—with what is infinite —in the present hour, it seemed to have made them flower a second time in the sky."

Every visitor of the Musée Marmottan will doubtlessly have recognized in this passage the water-lily pictures that constitute the major part of the Monet collection bequeathed by the artist's son Michel Monet. Yet Proust had certainly not seen Claude Monet's water garden at Giverny, nor the daring pictures that it inspired him to paint in the final years of his life.

Nor had Proust ever heard of the Temple of the Sagrada Familia, which occupied practically the entire life of Gaudí, in the shadow of which he set up his studio, later lived, and in which he finally was buried. Speaking of his monumental novel, the narrator of Remembrance of Things Past says: "And in these great books, there are parts which have barely been sketched, and which will probably never be completed, because of the very scope of the architect's plan. How many cathedrals remain unfinished."

Unfinished cathedrals: the metaphor devised by Proust for his novel applies not only to Gaudí but also to Monet, whose sequential paintings of the Rouen Cathedral mark the turning point of his career. Moreover, the simile is not only literally applicable, it points to a deeper truth shared by architect, painter, and writer, a truth that binds them and sets them apart from their contemporaries: their works are unfinished cathedrals not because they lacked the courage or the strength to complete them but because these cathedrals were, by (Continued)

GAUDÍ, THE ARCHITECT

Painting, literature, and architecture had obeyed the rules, but suddenly they were limitless, unruly . . .

CLOVIS PRÉVOST

a detail, *left*, from Antonio Gaudí's elaborate representation of the Incarnation, one of Christianity's most profound mysteries, with the statues of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph near its center. The facade of the Temple of the Sagrada Familia in Barcelona was begun by the Spanish architect in 1883 but never completed.

UNFINISHED CATHEDRALS

(Continued) their very nature, unfinishable.

Painting, literature, architecture, until then had possessed definite shapes, obeyed clear rules, observed strict limits. Here, suddenly, appeared works that were limitless, shapeless, unruly to the point of monstrosity. Rationality, logic, consciousness could no longer account for them. Nor could they be written off as the products of incompetence: their authors, all three, had demonstrated skill and even—in the case of Monet—genius before the unheard-of strangeness overtook them. For that is what happened: through a deliberate switch of allegiance, they left the banks of the river, plunged in, and allowed themselves to be flooded by its stream.

Antonio Gaudí's chief constructions—Casa Vicens, Casa Battló, Casa Milá, the Park Güell, and the churches of the Colonia Güell and of the Sagrada Familia—strike even his admirers as the three-dimensional dreams of a madman. As if inhabited by an irrepressible volcanic force, facades bulge, pillars sway, roofs erupt into fantastic protuberances and cover themselves with bright, scaly mosaics that make them look like flame-spouting dragons. Symmetry, regularity are dislocated, swept away. The reproach of bad taste, often leveled against Gaudí, reflects our perplexity rather than his; for we call good taste what we are accustomed to, and there has never been anything like the Park Güell or the Sagrada Familia. And not even Gaudí's detractors can deny him the ferocious vitality that brought forth these barbaric forms at once comic and disquieting. "Only he who attempts the ridiculous may achieve the impossible," once wrote the Spanish philosopher Miguel de Unamuno. Gaudí's architecture is the impossible materialized.

How did it happen? Gaudí's studies in architecture, completed in 1878, were thoroughly orthodox—which, in his time, meant Victorian-eclectic. The only thing unusual about his earliest buildings was that they were more eclectic than those of his contemporaries, incorporating every possible influence, from Gothic and Mudejar to Rococo and Biedermeier. This eclecticism, soon outgrown in his buildings, survived in his language. He later defined the Sagrada Familia as the "Helenic Temple of the Mediterranean Gothic." More revealing about the true character of his work is the formation that he received before entering architectural school in Barcelona: his father, like his grandfather and great-grandfather, was a coppersmith. "The coppersmith is a man who turns a surface into a volume," said Gaudí, adding: "Spacemaking is kettle-making." Gaudí was a coppersmith, possessed by a savage frenzy, hammering space into weird shapes.

His originality stems from the fact that he followed instinct rather than tradition: "We owe absolute fidelity to our intuition, which knows what we do not know." Proust said the same thing when he noted that "what we know does not belong to us" and that "instinct dictates one's duty and intelligence furnishes the pretexts to shirk it." Instinct is the opposite of imagination. "The writer's duty and task are those of a translator," wrote Proust. Gaudí would have agreed wholeheartedly. Indeed, he speaks no differently, "man having no other course to follow than to discover what already exists, which his sleepy eyes have unlearned to see."

Coming from the creator of the most fantastic of all architectures, this attack on imagination may puzzle. Yet it is strictly in keeping with Gaudí's practice. The sculptures that crowd the gates of the Sagrada Familia are literally lifted off the streets, through the use of either photographs or of plaster casts taken on live models: a beggar, a ragpicker, a visiting cardinal, recruits playing the bugle (they were turned into trumpeter-angels), and also the chicken, the donkey, the fruits of earth and sea. Thus human, animal, and vegetal nature is introduced verbatim into Gaudí's edifices. The facades of the Sagrada Familia are a Noah's ark crammed with God's creatures assembled by a mystical George Segal.

If Gaudí, in his ornamentation, reproduces reality with the glorificatory obedience of a Franciscan monk toward the creatures made by his Lord; in his architecture, on the other hand, he appears to be daringly inventive. His guiding principle is that architecture, like life, must produce indivisible wholes. "Continuous forms are perfect forms," he affirmed. No part of a building must be allowed to be an outsider by being passive, inactive, or added on. This implies that "the silhouette of a building depends exclusively on its structures," but it also requires that "one must render the structures dynamic."

This dynamism Gaudí achieved, for the first time in the history of the West, by breaking out of the rectangular box in which architecture had trapped space. He uses obliques instead of horizontals and verti- (Continued)

MONET, THE PAINTER

"A watchful, silent, and mobile happiness . . . constantly changing to remain forever in harmony"

"Water Lilies," one of Claude Monet's unfinished last series of paintings, from the early 'twenties, of the pond and water lilies at Giverny; given by the artist's second son to the Musée Marmottan in Paris and shown to the public for the first time this year.

MAURICE ROUTHIER



UNFINISHED CATHEDRALS

(Continued) cals, introduces helicoidal pillars, parabolic arches and vaults. In short, he actually creates the organic space which Baroque architects had only simulated and which the functionalists of the Bauhaus deliberately ignored. Indeed, it is only when such men as Le Corbusier and Saarinen reacted against the tyranny of the straight line that the prophetic genius of Gaudí came to be recognized. What is remarkable is that he elaborated his complex solutions sometimes by improvisation—"Technique is what must be learned by him who is not gifted for his task," he boasted—always by the most empirical means. Thus he spent years building maquettes made of strings on which he would suspend weights proportionate to those which the edifice was to carry. These arachnean models he would then photograph. Turned upside down, the photograph showed the structure of the building planned.

Between the literalism of his ornamentation and the inventiveness of his structures, between his Segal-side and his Frei Otto-side, there seems to be a total contradiction. Yet both stem from the same source: nature, life. "Construction must be treated naturalistically, i.e., conceived so as to be the expression of the forces that act within it." In other words, Gaudí's structures, too, are faithfully copied from nature. The ripple of the sea provides the shape of the facade of the Casa Milá. Seashells furnish decorative motifs for pinnacles, chimneys, and gargoyles, but also the torsaded structures of certain pillars. "The tree is my master," said Gaudí: he molded its fruit into sculpture and translated its helicoidal rise into striated columns. Strict obedience to life leads to the subtlest mathematical solutions. Pointing to the intervals between his spread fingers, Gaudí would say: "Look: they are parabolas."

In the end, it is this vital drive which explains that Gaudí has been the only visionary architect able to turn his dreams into reality. He built for the new bourgeoisie of Barcelona, which, being devoid of any cultural background, was willing to accept anything—especially an architecture that expressed a basic Catalan trait. For the Surrealism that marks Gaudí and which is but an excess of vital realism, also characterizes the work of Catalan fresco painters of the twelfth century, as well as Miró or, in another way, Dalí. The cacti of Catalonia, the rocks of Montserrat sprout the same Surrealist protuberances as Miró's canvases and Gaudí's apartment houses. The same anarchic, ebullient vitality is at work in all.

The Catalans worship this explosive force. They will let it stop even streetcars (although they were probably the first in Spain industrious enough to build streetcars), when it erupts into the widening circle of a sardana. "It is for streetcars to stop, not for pedestrians," once said Gaudí. Nature, not culture or industry, comes first. What he sought to translate into brick and stone was the boundlessness of life. His own was brought abruptly to an end in 1926, when he was run over by a streetcar.

In 1883, the very year in which Gaudí was named architect of the Sagrada Familia, Claude Monet left Argenteuil for Giverny, inaugurating the final, totally unexpected period of his career. It is this late work that composes the most important part of the 130 pictures, drawings, watercolors, and pastels —including eighty-two by Monet himself— willed to the Musée Marmottan by his second son and now on permanent display. They are invaluable to all those who are eager to follow the incredible yet altogether logical metamorphosis undergone by the founder of Impressionism.

Marmottan, in fact, provides a convenient summary of Monet's evolution from his beginnings as a cartoonist, through his somber phase influenced by Corot and Daubigny, to the clear, simplified contrasts of bright and dark areas introduced by Manet, and finally to his own contribution: the capture of the fugitive moment. Marmottan owns the picture that gave the movement its name: "Impression, Sunrise." "Only the impression," says the narrator of Remembrance of Things Past, "no matter how thin its substance and implausible its trace, is a criterion of truth." Because our sensations alone are quick enough to catch the fleeting moment. "Impression, Sunrise" is a water picture. Argenteuil, where Impressionism was born, in 1872, is located on the river Seine. This is no matter of chance: the switch from solid earth to liquid sky and water marks the move of Monet's painting from the stable to the unstable, from the conquest of space to that of time.

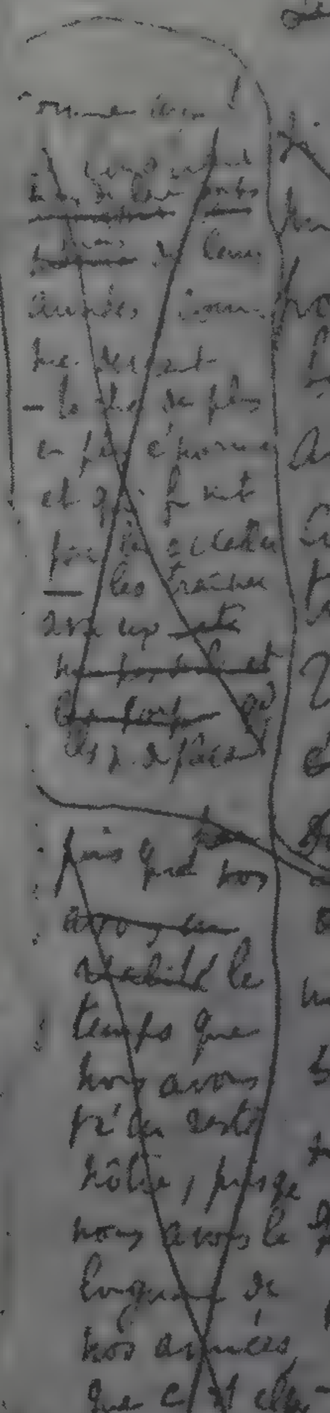
Of moments of time, that is. "What I seek is instantaneity," Monet said. His canvases of the 1870's are as precise and delicate as a stopwatch, as glittering and pearly as a sunray flitting across the water. But an instant, like a point, is final: one cannot go beyond its ultimate reduction. Thus Monet reaches a kind of almost scientific perfection which could easily—it did with Alfred Sisley —prove a dead end. But Monet moved on to Giverny and to the strangest pictures in nineteenth-century (Continued on page 180)

PROUST, THE WRITER

"Real books must be the children of darkness and silence . . . of darkness and silence"

The last page of the last volume of Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*—with "Fin" ("End"), written in Proust's hand—from the multivolume Proust wrote and rewrote between 1905 and 1922, spinning off scroll-like reams of closely written pages glued together, folded over, and finally bound, an interlace of responses, revisions, corrections.

JEAN-RÉGIS ROUSTON



Why is Super-star a super-hit?

What's wrong with *Jesus Christ Superstar*—the biggest, most bad-mouthed hit in Broadway history—is the audience. They hate it, they love it, but they can't put it down. The older they are the harder they fall for its freaked Jesus, Jeff Fenholt (*right*, at the rock musical's high point with Judas and three angels who resemble the Supremes hovering above). Audiences are fascinated by the show's bland audacities, dazzled by its expensive packaging, and delighted to find their worst prejudices projected onto the story of Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ Superstar is not theological, but it is also not heretical nor even very interesting theater, in spite of Tom O'Horgan's Las Vegas-

nightclub staging. In its neo-Victorian, syrupy way, *Superstar* is a compendium of the most up-to-the-gasp contemporary myths: ¶doing your own thing; ¶the medium is the message; ¶all you need is love, love, love; ¶Nature worship; ¶the Black Judas; ¶everyone in power is a secret fag or fascist and therefore all governments are wrong; ¶Jews are O.K. but . . .; ¶more is best and anything that is big and costs a lot is good; ¶sex is no more than massage; ¶everyone is a closet sadist or a masochist or both; ¶all women are cryptoslaves of men; ¶the ninth beatitude is doing nothing; ¶religion is what came before the drug experience; ¶everyone good gets killed and they aren't really good until they *do* get killed; ¶Jesus was the first dropout; ¶God was omitted by Dr. Spock for a reason.

The rock music is negligible, the acting nonexistent, but *Jesus Christ Superstar* in its divers incarnations will gross twenty-five million dollars in a year. And long hair will be old-fashioned once again.

Orphan-boys circus: CLASPING HOPE AND LOVE

BY MICHEL DEL CASTILLO

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AVEDON

Blue shadows biting into barren plateaus above which the light turns to petrified silence . . . clusters of low houses merging into grey earth . . . narrow streams flowing through beds carved from rocky hillsides . . . ancient cities dreaming of an eternity forever fixed and frozen . . . minarets and church spires defying each other under a burnished sky: Spain keeps vigil over the myths that have created her dolorous truth.

Dirt-poor yunteros who hire themselves out with their donkeys to big landowners; journeymen who lean against white, sun-scorched walls, waiting to be taken on by terratenientes; ragged children who wander through suburbs and shantytowns—between 1936 and 1939, one million of these bodies returned to the earth with a cry of agony and despair.

More than thirty years have since passed. Dust and oblivion have covered the dead, whose bones lie under asphalt roads traveled by armies of tourists and natives.

Today, much of this noise and commotion is changed into the laughter of children sitting on tiered seats around two rings where elves bound about, reviving, reinventing the oldest and most magical of entertainments—the circus.

The eldest among these artists are not yet twenty, the youngest nine and ten. They are students at the Circus School of Bemposta, and their acts display an amazing skill, sometimes even virtuosity. Above all, these hippie-like sprites work with joy. Their freshness is contagious. Each number—juggling, acrobatics, trapeze, dressage—involves a risk of failure that one is aware of and measures, the shared tension saves the performance from ever being routine. Under the canvas top and lights that perpetuate the traditions of the jugglers, conjurers, animal trainers, and clowns of the Middle Ages, the muchachos search for perfection.

The show hides a miracle other than the one exhibited to the crowds. To discover it one need only wander backstage among the trucks and autos that transport these strange messengers who are—and who are not—children like any others. Because if Spain is, for most of them, their homeland, all are citizens of a tiny republic not to be found on any map, a republic of two thousand people—Bemposta, near Orense, in Galicia. Its founder, Father Silva, conceived this project more than ten years ago. On a motorbike, he began to ride through the slum suburbs and ghettos, gathering up children to whom he wanted to restore a dignity that had been destroyed by loneliness and abandonment, by poverty and all its companion miseries. He hoped to give them a chance to become men, a chance not to submit to their destiny but to mold it.

(Continued on page 168)



Pancracito and Father Silva (above): the magical thirteen-year-old *muchacho* star—wearing his "peace" shirt—of a Spanish boys' circus with the man who taught him and his fellow orphan-clowns (another, as a tender bullfighter, opposite) to dash fear and loneliness with gusts of laughter and love. Clowning, they earn money for their children's republic and renewed hope for the world.





TO ALL THE BOYS IN THE WORLD

The song of the orphan boys, citizens of their own small republic in Spain, performers in their own enchanting circus

We are the boys of the world
who walk the earth hand in hand
because we want war never again
to poison the nights and stain the days with blood.
And that is why, Lord of the Armies,
we ask You to grant us victory without war.
Victory over hunger
that keeps men everywhere from blessing their daily bread.
Victory over gold
that builds cities with vast skyscrapers
while barren fields sprout thistles.
Victory over corruption
that kills culture and debases music.
And we ask Your pity for so many boys who could be better
were they not so poor.
And that is why, Lord of the Armies, Lord of the Armies,
we ask You for the peace You promised
all men of goodwill.
If all the boys in the world walked hand in hand
none could plant a knife in his brother's back.
If all the boys in the world looked at the sky
there would be no more misery, or hunger, or mourning on earth.
If all the boys in the world prayed to Our Lord
the world would be an oasis of peace and love.



Her Serene Highness

Princess Grace of Monaco

BY CURTIS BILL PEPPER

tells in an interview exclusively for Vogue the reality following her dream-sequence marriage: how she lives, whom she loves, what she thinks about women, governments, families

Princess Grace was in the garden of the palace, by the swimming pool, helping her six-year-old daughter make an anklet of flowers. "Hello," she said, leaving the child and extending her hand. She doesn't diet, she neglects exercise, and she is heavier than when she resigned as Queen of the M-G-M lot fifteen years ago to become Princess of the tiny but rich principality of Monaco.

Yet her incredible beauty is still there: the porcelain skin, the Wedgwood-blue eyes, and the extraordinary smile as though some forest creature had suddenly understood human speech—an assembly of features that once disturbed the dreams of millions and sent a jewel-bearing Prince across the ocean to ask her hand in marriage.

"Stephanie, would you please come and say hello?"

Stephanie came, hugging a doll. By this time the anklet had become a necklace.

"It's rather lovely that way," said Grace. "You made it pretty."

Stephanie made a curtsy and gave a big smile. Two baby teeth were missing—upper and lower. As she turned to leave, the little princess put the foot of her doll in her mouth.

"Darling, please don't swallow that shoe," said Grace.

She laughed softly.

"You know, parents hear themselves say the most extraordinary things."

Besides little Stephanie, there is Hereditary Prince Albert, now thirteen, and Princess Caroline, fourteen. The three children are the brightest jewels in Grace's regal enclave of 414 acres which plunges from a mountain-top palace down across terraced villas, luxury hotels, and gambling casinos into the blue Mediterranean. They give reality and substance to a marriage that she admits has required continual work—as do all marriages.

"Marriage is like life. You never reach a point where you can say 'Now I'm grown up'—because you go on growing all the time. Love is a growing thing, too, and takes on so many different aspects. I'm always falling in love with other places or other people."

She laughed again.

"I mean there are many people, many men I could love. I think it depends on the man you want to devote yourself to and spend your life with. That's the decision of marriage."

For her, the love that came after marriage was deeper and it took more of her than any previous love.

"When I was younger I was always falling in love with someone who gave more to me than I gave back. I knew I was immature and incomplete as a person, that I was really taking and absorbing more than I was giving. But I think that's true with all young people. In the selfishness of youth, we need to feed our psyches and our souls by taking from others.

"But when you're married and have children you realize how it is to give love and how love breeds love. Every action has a reaction.

"The person who greets you in the morning with a smile, saying 'Oh, good morning, how are you?' will get a nice response back and feel better and be nicer to the next person. But if someone growls at you, you're going to be harsh with someone else. It's a chain reaction."

A turtledove flew onto a low limb next to Grace's lawn chair. It cooed happily while other, unseen doves made deeper, more urgent calls resembling the high-pitched cries of cheetahs. Heedless of these jungle sounds, Grace continued:

"Of course, there are stormy periods in any marriage. They call for a lot of humility and the willingness to be wrong—even if you're not!" She laughed again, admitting her husband was a European male: his word was law. Yet in matters of the family, she had her own methods.

"I lobby for a decision. I (Continued on page 113)

On seven pages, the reigning family of Monaco, photographed by Snowdon



"Great success is no fun if you have no one to share it. When you are married and have children, you realize how love breeds love."

Boat-larking in the Port of Monaco, the Grimaldi family with the Prince at the wheel: from the left, T.S.H. Princess Grace; Prince Albert, thirteen; Princess Caroline, fourteen; with six-year-old Princess Stephanie on the lap of Prince Rainier III. Ringing the harbor, flashing with its constant swarm of yachts, is the 414-acre principality of Monaco, the Mediterranean shoreline sweeping from Monte Carlo's rising skyscrapers to—on a rocky headland—the Prince's Palace, built [illegible] fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.





"I act on instinct and feeling: certain truths come all of a sudden."

(Continued from page 108) try to influence as much as possible."

Did that mean there was democracy within the family of an absolute monarch?

"I don't know," she said with a smile which suggested she *did* know. "My husband refers to me as his *government* and I refer to him as my *leader*. When he's asked something involving both of us, he says, 'I'll have to consult my government....'"

It was this which Grace Kelly had sought when she gave up an acting career and personal freedom to become the wife of Rainier III.

"I loved acting. I loved what I was doing. But I was personally unhappy. A great success is no fun if you have no one to share it with. I wasn't personally enjoying mine because I didn't have a personal life that was complete, you know what I mean?

"It's a question of timing and meeting the right person at the right moment. I was ready to make a decision, an important one. But it was a bit of a gamble, too, because when a woman has a certain success and her name is well-known, it's very difficult to find a man you can respect who will not lose his identity in marrying you.

"I would not have been very happy with someone who became Mr. (Continued on page 170)

The sure instincts of Princess Grace (*near left,* in the Winter Garden, holding her apricot poodle, Timmy) enliven the private apartments in the Palace Built over a ruined wing torn down after the French Revolution, these rooms are light, airy, contemporary. The Grand Salon, *far left,* is double-storied, with a golden Italian-marble floor, a fireplace Princess Grace designed of sea stones from Monaco and from Grimaldi, the family seat in Italy. The steel-and-brass balustrade came from Paris; the white double sofa was brought from New York. Backing a monks' refectory table is an eighteenth-century Chinese screen. Punctuation: taborets, plants, birds, chess sets. The chess set in front of the tall windows ("inspired by Lincoln Center in New York") was a gift from Alfred Hitchcock, often her movie director.

“Children need discipline.
They want it, really;
but they are logical,
they want to know why.”

SNOWDON

At her English convent school, H.S.H. Princess Caroline, *near left*, is simply Caroline Grimaldi. This princess is a ballet dancer with a nascent, rare beauty of line. *Far left:* Her brother, H.S.H. Prince Albert, the Marquis des Baux, is a ferocious judoist, has earned a blue belt with several stripes. On the wall of the Monaco stadium, Japanese Samurai painted by the Polish artist Edmond Niemczyk.





the veiled mystery of Morocco

Photographed by Irving Penn

Morocco is a jewel country. It startles, aggresses, ignites, seduces with its beauty. But Morocco is Islam, wrapped, walled, impenetrable, a world of mystery and magic, of Arab and Berber, contrasting peoples living in a turbulent kingdom by the sea. Part of the Maghreb—that swag of North Africa comprising Libya, Tunisia, and Algeria—Morocco, spined by cloud-scraping peaks of the Atlas ranges, stretches from the saffron sands of the Sahara to the Mediterranean Barbary Coast. (Barbary stems from Berber, the fierce and noble tribe indigenous to this land.) For these pages, Irving Penn has photographed nomadic Blue People of the Sahara, desert Arabs of the Ksour, proud and independent Âït Yazza Berbers of the soaring plateaus of the High Atlas, and jeweled dancers in the Kasbah.

Especially for Vogue, the internationally recognized authority Dr. Ahmed Sefrioui, who is the director of visual arts for the museums of Morocco, wrote about the ancient unchanging costumes and make-up of his country—and of their curious, still (Continued on page 171)

Moroccan women strip off their mysterious veils when they begin to dance. These *ahouach* dancers, brocaded, spangled, perform to the beat of gigantic tambourines in the cinnamon-red, bonfire-lit Kasbah of Taourirt, a fortified town in the Northeast.

VEILED MOROCCO: Henna geometrics decorate a woman's palms for a festival at Ouarzazate, an oasis town on the southern slope of the High Atlas mountains



Blue women of Goulimine, a Saharan frontier post: four *guedra* dancers who speak with their bodies—until their veils fall, leaving them stripped, [illegible]

A Fulani woman and her daughter at the marketplace at Koumbia du Daaòs, a village between two mountain ranges

Mysterious as sculptured pillars, women in the desert valley of the Ziz River expose only feet, hands, one eye each



VEILED MOROCCO: An Âït Yazza bride, delicate and barbaric in her long handwoven cloak, chained silver disks lighting the red veil worn for her wedding in the town of Imilchil

Fatima of Imilchil: a small girl bundled in another of the handwoven cloaks, called *hnader*, worn by the Âït Yazza people in the High Atlas mountains



"TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA": STREET-THEATER GONE BROADWAY

Joseph Papp, *far left*, director, founding father, and producer of the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater, a cultural tough guy who is willing to buck City Hall, is a one-man renaissance in the New York theater—with plays that run summers in Central Park and on the streets, all year round in the permanent theater with its four separate stages downtown. *Two Gentlemen of Verona* took off for Broadway by starting as a hit this summer in Central Park and then touring the five boroughs. Audiences loved it, especially the street audiences uptown in Black and Spanish Harlem—many of whom had never seen a play. The director, Mel Shapiro, poured the fierce vitality, brave humor, and joy of New York street life into his production of one of Shakespeare's lesser plays tricked out with music by Galt MacDermot, whose musical *Hair* also began with the Public Theater. (Shapiro and MacDermot appear above, seated at the right in a dizzy gang of the original, entrancing street cast.) The street tryouts were playhem: Puerto Rican *machismo* and Black boldness bouncing off one another. The vitality Papp seeks for his theater was there for both actors and audiences, because by jubilant agreement the footlights had been energetically kicked aside—the first time New Yorkers had seen and heard themselves on the stage in years.

DUANE MICHALS



People are TALKING about

. . . The surge of excitement as the year ends and the feeling that the 'seventies, off to a slow start, are finally underway. . . . Twiggy, terrific in her bow as a 'twenties debutante in the film version of Sandy Wilson's spoof-musical *The Boy Friend*. . . . *Beethoven's Birthday: A Celebration in Vienna with Leonard Bernstein*, December 24 on CBS television, a glorious hour-and-a-half. . . . The exhibition of sculpture, paintings, drawings by Burgoyne Diller, the American artist who died in 1965, until now generally unrecognized as a major precursor of Minimalism, opening December 11 at Walker Art Center in Minneapolis.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The head-over-heels rediscovery of Mary Pickford—the silent-screen actress who once had intended to destroy all her films and now, after forty years, has re-released them—a tremendous comedian who filled even the most treacly parts, usually as girl children, with a surprising complexity. At the New York opening, a fan said to Buddy Rogers, Mary Pickford's husband, "Tell her that straight hair is out and Mary Pickford hair is coming back in."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The return of Harry Angstrom, the John Updike hero from *Rabbit, Run* around whom a sort of cult has grown up, in *Rabbit Redux*, a brilliantly morose but funny novel about being married and becoming middle-aged in a collapsible world.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The paintings of Gene Davis, striped, serenely independent, at the Fischbach Gallery in New York. . . . The essays on Marcel Proust, the endlessly fascinating French novelist born one hundred years ago, assembled by Peter Quennell, Marcel Proust, 1871-1922: particularly Anthony Powell on Proust as a soldier and J. M. Quennell on Proust's fascination with fashion.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, *La Veuve Couderc*, "The Widow Couderc," the film made from the best-selling Simenon mystery, with Simone Signoret as a tough peasant woman who latches onto an escaped prisoner, Alain Delon. . . . Lucas Samaras's provocative self-portrait, *Samaras Album: Autointerview, Autobiography, Autopolaroid*, a beautiful album of disturbing narcissistic reveries: "Narcissism is making your body into art."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Lee Grant, frantically funny, in Neil Simon's comedy The Prisoner of Second Avenue, about a forty-four-year-old man who has lost his job in the recession. . . . Patricia Neal's rare television appearance in The Homecoming, a play by Earl Hamner, Jr., about a Wyoming family in the 'thirties, December 19 on CBS television.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . T. S. Eliot, the great American expatriate poet who spent most of his life in England, and the two books, just published, that throw unexpected new light on his life: Robert Sencourt's *T. S. Eliot: A Memoir*, which describes Eliot's first marriage in detail for the first time, and the facsimile edition of *The Waste Land*, which apparently grew out of a major nervous breakdown. The last puritan, Eliot seems to have played as important a role in his first wife's madness as F. Scott Fitzgerald did in Zelda's—an emotional fact that haunted his work. Distressingly proper, Eliot replied to an invitation from another expatriate, Lady Astor, telephoned by a secretary: "Will you tell her Ladyship that I am unable to come to lunch with her because I don't accept invitations from ladies I have not met, nor from one who invites me without my wife, nor from one who is divorced."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Carly Simon, the pop singer, brash with sadness, December 26 at Carnegie Hall in New York. . . . The premiere of two new ballets by the brilliant young American choreographer Eliot Feld, Eccentrique with Natalia Makarova and A Soldier's Tale, at The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C., December 21 to January 2. . . . Diane Waldman's whopper of a book about the Pop artist Roy Lichtenstein, whose paintings, sculpture, graphics, and multiples, employing mass-media techniques, look as good secondhand on the page as they do in life. . . . Stanley Kubrick's scary film vision of the future, A Clockwork Orange, taken from the Anthony Burgess novel that many of the young and English say set off the 'sixties generation in England.



NEW FLING OF FASHION

For sun days and nights anywhere—24 pages photographed in the white-on-white sunlight of Spain, by **Raymundo de Larrain**

Whether or not sun is the light you live by, when the spirit is holiday, nothing should be simpler than looking great. On these pages, therefore, all the elements—all the dash and flash and flirt anyone could want—in a kind of fashion concentrate. Just two basic moods—sharp by day, romantic by night—and three colorings—black, white, and a glory of pinks from the clearest peony to the mists of mauve to the very depths and fire of magenta, cyclamen, fuchsia. Nothing more—nothing more needed.

BLACK ORGANZA FLOUNCES AND BARE SHOULDERS

A black and as light—and as alluring—as a dress can be, left: yards of silk organza with a tremble of flounces and a little flirt of black veiling to bind the spell... North, South, ... wherever there's a feeling of dazzle in the night. Dress by Bill Blass. Details, next to last page. All 24 pages: heads wrapped and coiffed by Christophe Carita.

IN SPAIN...

Lorenzo Larios, *opposite*, son of the Duke and Duchess of Lerma, at La Fonda—a charming old house-turned-hotel in the heart of Marbella, on the Costa del Sol.





IN SPAIN...

the still, white light of Andalusia

Spain is a whole world unto itself: a world of paradox that is changeless, endless. Contrasts sharp as black and white, day and night, life and death. Small wonder Napoleon took one look at the mountains and said, "Europe ends at the Pyrenees." Higher, all told, than the Alps, they are northernmost of seven sky-piercing ranges, which—veined by as many giant rivers—stripe this land of extraordinary geography and extraordinary light. And, basking at the very base of it, Andalusia—the fertile beginnings of all that is Spain. Abundant with olives, almonds, quinces, pomegranates, pink oleander, giant geraniums, tiny blue iris up to the heavens, white-belled trumpet flowers down to the sea. Abundant with legends of biblical Tarshish, with Moorish treasure, with the grandeur of Isabella and Ferdinand. Abundant with the lime-washed dazzle refracting pure Iberian light. Abundant with the music, songs, and dancing that color the long bright Spanish night. Abundant with ginger earth, hill-peaked white villages, snow-high Sierras far beyond. Granada...Cádiz...Sevilla...Málaga...Marbella...Algeciras...names ancient beyond all others on the Peninsula girdle and jewel Andalusia, a land so full of light and delight you never quite leave it behind.

THE LONG PINK DINNER SHIRT

Glorious peony pink, glorious knit shirt to the ankle. Walk right in, do a few buttons, wrap your head in more pink—your evening is as good as made. This, by Leslie Fay, of double-knit Qiana; shown full-length on page 188.

IN SPAIN...

Lorenzo Larios, son of the Duke and Duchess of Lerma—whose title, one of the oldest and proudest in Spain, goes back to 1599—reflected, opposite, in a silver mirror at the house of Count and Countess Romanones in Marbella.

RAYMUNDO DE LARRAIN

FLASHES OF WHITE...SLASHES OF BARENESS

Smooth and gleaming over bronzed skin, *right*, a silver-buckled fall of heavy white satin... open to the waist, slit to the thighs... Among columns of white marble at the Alhambra, *opposite*, one of white double crêpe—pure line, simply strapped across the back and slit up high. Both dresses, by Pertegaz. Fashion details, next to last page of this issue.

IN SPAIN...

the Alhambra, the magnificent palace/citadel of the old Moorish rulers, in the hills of Granada. Its Patio de los Arrayanes, right, with towers, gallery, and marble colonnade reflected in the myrtle-hedged pool....In the Patio de los Leones, opposite, a view, through marble columns and filigree arches, of the Fountain with its splendid guard of twelve white marble lions.

RAYMUNDO DE LA REA

BARE LEGS, BRIGHT WHITE
...BARE BACK,
MAUVE ORGANZA

Noon-high white, left, in the mood of a Chinese chon-san, which couldn't look newer or more appealing—slashed to the waist on one side, crisply covered everywhere else against the blazing sun. By Sibley & Coffey, in Qiana. Dusky mauve organza, right, dancing with flowers and dreamy as castles in Spain—a halter dress with ruffles and a beautifully bare back. By Oscar de la Renta Boutique, in silk. Fashion details, next to last page.

IN SPAIN...

At the Alhambra: a fretted gold archway, left, leading to the Patio de los Arrayanes, set like a jewel in the palatial white walls.... Right, a glimpse, through a golden archway, of the Mirador de Daraxa from which the sultan's favorite wife viewed the sprawl of Granada below.

RAYMUNDO DE LARRAIN



Racy new look blazing the day, *left*: the one-button pants suit—in lean clean white sharkskin, blade-sharp here with black. By Calvin Klein. Bare, fluid, strapped and wrapped, *right*—a jersey jumpsuit that gives you everything there is to be gotten out of black (even a sash you can wrap around your head). Halston Limited. Fashion details, next to last page.

IN SPAIN...

the Patio del Mexuar in the Alhambra, both pages, with its celebrated Moorish tiles framing a façade of filigree gold.

SHARP WHITE—THE ONE-BUTTON PANTS SUIT
SHARP BLACK—THE WRAP-STRAP JUMPSUIT

RAYMUNDO DE LARRAIN



IN SPAIN...

Palomo Linares, young new idol of the bullring; cool, daring in the untraditional tradition of El Cordobes (with whom, to the rapture of *aficionados*, he is frequently billed). In these photographs — taken on his twenty-fourth birthday — Linares wears informal *traje corto*, farthest right, and two glittering *trajes luces*, the magnificent suit of lights.



RAYMUNDO DE LARRAIN

SHORT FLIRTY EVENINGS IN THE PINK OF LIGHTS

Ardent-pink taffeta flounces and a beautiful back, *left*—a dress that rustles into a room and simply lights it. Chester Weinberg.... A tempestuous sort of pink, *above*, for a dress that couldn't be more deliciously collected—deep Chinese-y sleeves and a zillion buttons on soft but unflighty chiffon seersucker. By Donald Brooks....Flounce rippling, scarf streaming, *right*—a crêpe dress with beautiful drift and sway (that needn't move an inch to make the point: any color that does for a woman's skin what pink does is too sensational to be seasonal; wherever there's a reason to look pretty at night, there's a reason for these pink dresses). This one, by Mollie Parnis Boutique. Fashion details, next to last page.

ALL WHITE AND GOLDEN LEGS

With Gypsies of Granada, *below*, a beach-and-environs dress in sheer cotton; tucked, lacy, cut like a long shirt —and delicious that way, too, over pants, et al. By Jax.... Knit with a new laciness, *opposite*, soft airy jumpsuit and cutaway skirt—a barefoot-girl-with-legs-of-tan kind of look that goes to dinner as fast as bare little sandals can carry you. By Adolfo.... The men—flamenco dancers from the Sacro Monte—wear white linen shirt-jackets and trousers, by Giovanni De Moura. Fashion details, next to last page.

IN SPAIN...

A coolness of greens and tile—two patios of the 12th-century Casa Arabe, oldest Moorish house remaining in the Sacro Monte, now the Gypsy district of Granada.





ALL WHITE—
THE LITTLE-EVERYTHING DRESSES

Two looks that defy typecasting: day dresses by day; a few hours (and some dazzly earrings) later, they're off to dinner—cool, pretty, right as no rain. Short white crêpe, *left*, shoulders bared to the sun . . . the moon. By Adele Simpson. The whitest white, *right*—short white linen with a little plunge, a lot of buttons. By Carmine Porcelli for Teal Traina. . . . The young Gypsy spark, *both pages*, wears Madonna's white poplin pants, laced front and back. Fashion details, next to last page.

IN SPAIN . . .

Horseshoe arches and whitewashed walls against the shadowless sun—
the Moorish-spirited house of Ambassador and Mme. Hector de Ayala, in Marbella.

ALL WHITE AND SNAPS OF BLACK

Like a snowbank—crisp, but soft to fall into: white sharkskin, *below,* in a shirt-sleeved jumpsuit with snug little legs. Something! by Oscar de la Renta.

IN SPAIN...

The whitewashed roof of the Cuevo de la Rocio, one of many marvel-fraught caves in Granada's Sacro Monte district, where relics of martyrs, some from the first century, have been found, and hope of treasure springs eternal.

RAYMUNDO DE LARRAIN

White fibranne pants suit,
above, all the whiter for
a long black sailor tie,
black crêpe shirt underneath.
By Jacques Tiffeau....
White sharkskin shirtdress, *right*,
with a flap of pockets, slits,
buttons to the knee. And snaps of
black: turtleneck, belt...
and an unsnappish black goat
on a black chain. Dress,
Tom Nasarre for Schrader Sport....
Men in white—the flamenco dancers
from two pages ago—wear
sharkskin suits with
short-sleeved short jackets,
high-waisted trousers;
by Giovanni De Moura.
Fashion details,
next to last page.

IN SPAIN...
Two white-on-white Moorish villages—
a blaze of whitewashed houses against white sun
in the hills behind Marbella,
overlooking the sea; Mijas, at top, and Ojén.

ALL-OUT ZING—BLACK SHIRT, WHITE SHORTS, AND VICE VERSA

The now-famous St. Tropez shirt, *this page*—flared sleeves, shirttails—in black knit, here with high-waisted tap shorts of white wool. Shirt, Nancy Gundersen for Manhasset Casuals. The longest shirt, *opposite*—ankle-length, with flapped pockets, of gleaming white Qiana. Can be belted, can be loose... can be (is, here) great over a black turtleneck and shorts. Knit shirtdress, Casa di Cole. Fashion details, next to last page of this issue.

IN SPAIN...

The Bar Paca, this page—nifty *noche*-spot in the Sacro Monte, with Paca herself, far left. Opposite, a Gypsy in Ojén, the old white-walled Moorish village near Marbella.





BLAZE OF MAGENTA... SIZZLE OF SEQUINS

Jersey fire, *below*, spilled from a halter of bareness to an uneven hem, short in front, long in back—magenta-hot against frozen torrents in the cave of Nerja. Dress by Oscar de la Renta, of silk jersey. . . . Sizzling pink and lacquer-red sequins, *right*, torrid enough to melt the Gothic iciness of Nerja—one sensational flame-lick of color with a tiny yoke, long narrow sleeves. By Anne Fogarty. . . . Fashion details, next to last page this issue.

IN SPAIN...

the cave of Nerja, the extraordinary stop-time world beneath the world of sun on the Costa del Sol.





FLARE OF CHIFFON PRINTS

Lunar white chiffon, *left*, flashing moon dots, deep sleeves down from the waist. By Donald Brooks. . . . Vibrant magenta chiffon, *right*, veiling a sexy slip of a dress, wrapping it in a vast shawl. By Stavropoulos. Fashion details, next to last page of issue. Makeup on these and the two preceding pages by Carita.

IN SPAIN . . .

the cave of Nerja with, this page, the Cataclysm Room and its colossal stalactite avalanche.

RAYMUNDO DE LARRAIN

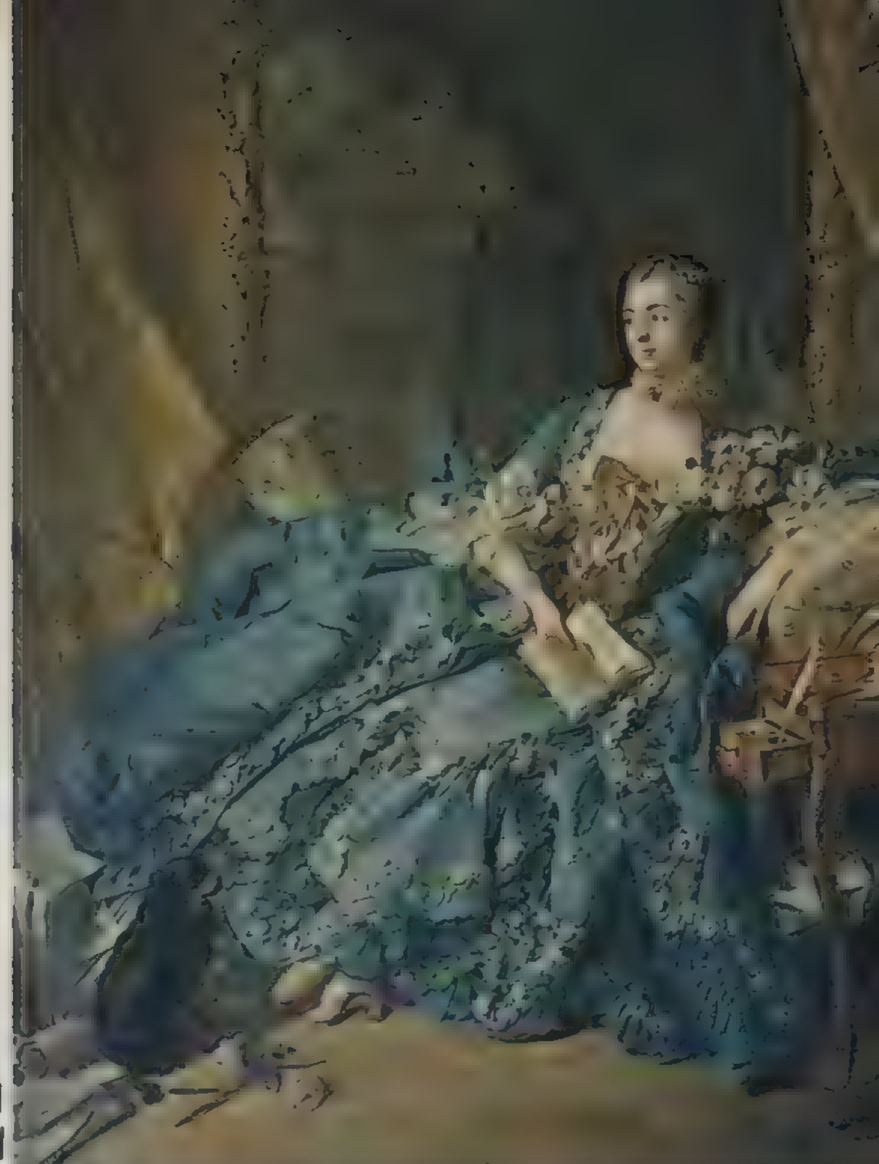






Rose triumphant: *delicate mauve, from an English garden, its history unknown, its vitality unbounded*

LOVE FLOWERS: THE ROSE



MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR PAINTED BY FRANCOIS BOUCHER

By Anthony West

The rose in the best of Boucher's paintings lies where it has been casually thrown down, its softness confronting the cold hardness of the polished parquet floor. A pen and a curious double-ended paintbrush in an expensive-looking silver mounting have been left beside it on the shining wood; and a few inches away a pug dog with a look of quizzical intelligence sits amid a menacing crumple of enormous bills, battered account books, and miscellaneous documents, all of which should clearly be somewhere else.

The rose, the dog, the documents, are threatened by a stupendous glacier of ice-blue silk ornamented with more than a hundred pale-pink silk roses in full bloom. This mass of material pours off a daybed. The presence of Madame de Pompadour within it is signaled by the appearance of two pink satin slippers at its hem, and by a mass of pink satin ribbons and bows at her bosom. Close to it a twin to the rose that lies on the floor is pinned to the left shoulder of the fantastically opulent dress: it, too, will wither and die, and be thrown away in the next hour or two.

A third doomed rose lies on the cover of a leather-bound album, beside a book that has been stuffed away so hurriedly that its first several pages have been doubled back on themselves, on the shelf beneath the little buhl writing desk which stands beside the daybed, with its drawer left recklessly half in and half out, and its top littered with a scatter of seals, sticks of sealing wax, and carelessly ripped-open mail.

The looking glass behind Madame de Pompadour reflects the face of an enormously heavy clock, much too big for the room, crowning a monstrous piece of furniture which it would be more accurate to describe as a mausoleum for books than a bookcase. This timepiece seems to (Continued on page 173)

Six pages of roses photographed by Irving Penn



Macrantha 'Raubritter,' ***hybridized in 1936, a trailing rose with clear-pink globular semi-double flowers, has the lush plumpness of a rose painted by Redouté.***

PENN

Duke of Windsor

a showy deep-vermilion hybrid tea rose, created in 1967, has an extravagant scent, clings, even dying, to a dramatic beauty.



PENN





china: and women:

THE NEWS OF THE YEAR THREE INSIGHTS INTO ITS VIGOR, ITS ENDURING BEAUTY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARC RIBOUD

HOW THEY LIVE AND WORK

BY LOIS WHEELER SNOW

On October 1 of last year I stood with my husband at the top of Heavenly Peace Gate in the center of Peking, watching a million Chinese celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the People's Republic.

Watching from the height of that towering gate, dropped into an unusually honored position, I felt a growing curiosity about the women of China. I stood surrounded by men.

Equal pay, political rights, socjal benefits, and opportunities for women had been established at the beginning of the People's Republic in 1949. Such revolutionary practices were not new in the old "red areas," nor to the many women who trudged along with men on the Long March (1934-35). For the average Chinese housewife, a new life began.

Yet the past hung in the shadows. Youngsters grew up actively engaged in the new society; but "mama," in principle supporting the radically different way of life, tended to keep to home and kitchen. And understandably. Here at last was freedom from constant worry about the source of the next meal, the time expectancy of the worn-out jacket, the continuation of a roof over the family's head—if luckily there had been a roof.

When war ceased, thousands of squalid shanties were pulled down and slowly replaced by centrally heated, electrically lighted, sturdy brick apartments—not plush by some Western standards but a new experience in comfort and security for China's raggedy proletariat. Instead of hours spent scavenging for bits of coal or wood, urban housewives began to cook on gas burners. Water, formerly bucket-carried from polluted pools, flowed into sinks or was obtained from nearby taps. Schoolchildren and working husbands began to ride off mornings on buses or bicycles. Unthinkable in old days of drudgery, there was even leisure time after household chores. Literacy classes, among other projects, brought housewives together to learn slowly to read and to write—their textbook, the teachings of Mao Tse-tung.

Sipping tea with several women workers in a tiny office of the junkyard bearing the name Chung Kung Powder Metallurgy Factory of Shenyang City, I learned about their delayed (Continued on page 172)

Facing West, a towering statue of Chairman Mao, whose monumental presence is seen and felt everywhere in the new China, salutes the future. The smokestacks suggest China's extraordinary burst of industrialization, which deadpan Western economists say will be completed by 1984.

The new China's great leap forward in the arts

Here, girls of the Ballet School of Shanghai rehearse a sequence from the historical ballet *Detachment of Red Women*, an image of the revived strength and energy in all the arts—leaps that any acrobat would envy. The Chinese love serious Western music, particularly the piano; and, while they still use the movements of the classical ballet, they often dance, as here, to revolutionary songs that add bite and currency to traditional poses. Chinese admirers of dance and opera are fierce in their devotion, thousands often filling a stadium for a music competition.

(overleaf)

The Great Wall: symbol of China's endurance, her beauty

The Great Wall of China, with the Pyramids, one of man's most extraordinary and lasting efforts, has become a powerful and renewed symbol in China, a collective shrine for the long reach of Chinese history and the mysterious integrity that has separated China from the rest of the world. Built in the third century B.C. as a defense against the Huns, the Wall, strangely enough, did not succeed as a fortification. About fifty miles from Peking, this section of the Great Wall, twelve feet wide at the top, has been restored and, on Sundays, busloads of tourists—families, students, soldiers on leave—come out for a walk on the Wall. In the spring, with the nearby mountains covered with mist, wild flowers appear; and the Chinese—their sense of beauty older than the wall—gather them.

MARC RIBOUD





Observations

GIVE ME GLITTER

"PLEASE, COULD I HAVE A LITTLE RAZZLE DAZZLE? A SLASH OF SEQUINS, A FLITTER OF BITS OF GLITTER? I DO WANT SO TO SPARKLE PLENTY."

Opposite: **5.** Fireworks of blazy sequins up the sleeves, down the legs of a black velvet pants suit. $300. At Granny Takes a Trip, 304 E. 62nd St....**6.** A sprinkling of stardust-y rhinestones on a velvet dress. $105. Kamali, 229 East 53rd St....**7.** Dazzle in the boudoir—sexy nightgown of black slinky nylon appliquéd with a glittery bird of paradise. By John Kloss for Cira. $36. Bloomingdale's. Rhinestone bicycle-wheel earrings by Charles Elkaim....**8.** Big gold sequin leaves squashed on the side of a black satin turban. Very snazzy. $25. Kamali, 229 East 53rd St....*This page:* **9.** Gorgeous glitter—zigzags of silver and gold paillettes on a black chiffon wrap dress. $650. Thea Porter, 203 E. 60th St....**10.** One way to tell a little story—scatter a cluster of rhinestone pins across the breast of a sexy black dress. Pins by Willie Woo. From $3.50 to $25. Kamali, 229 East 53rd St....**11.** These are some silver slippers—five-inch heels, a dash of black suède. $42 each pair. At Mario Valentino, 5 East 57th St....So surely if you're good someone will give you some glitter...?

Some of the most stunningly beautiful, most important clothes by the great designers of the past ninety years for royalty, actresses, collectors, shapers of fashion are on view now in "An Anthology," a fascinating exhibit at London's Victoria and Albert Museum. Photographer Cecil Beaton tracked down, selected 150 milestones of fashion donated to the V & A by their owners.

1. Vionnet flame crêpe dress. Owned by Baronne Robert de Rothschild, given by Baron Elie de Rothschild....**2.** Fortuny dress, palest terra-cotta pleated silk. Given by Irene Worth....**3.** Mr. Beaton with Marisa in Chanel's black sequin dinner suit. Given by Diana Vreeland....**4.** Schiaparelli's sugar-pink suit and, **5.** Schiaparelli's "Tears" dress, the print designed by Salvador Dali. Given by Mrs. Zachary Scott. (By the way, Marisa Berenson is Schiaparelli's granddaughter.)

FASHIONS REVISITED

Observations

1. Vionnet, 1930

5. "Schiap," 1937

2. Fortuny, 1912

3. Chanel, 1937

4. "Schiap," 1937

NORMAN PARKINSON

There is no more flattering gift for the fashion-minded woman on your Christmas list than the world's finest fashion magazine!

Splashed with colour, speaking boldly and with assurance, VOGUE reports the best of going fashion, the pleasures of modern life, the spirit of the new beauties, the excitement of new ideas in theatre, books and art.

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Give the fashion-minded on your Christmas list the flattering gift they deserve . . . give VOGUE this Christmas season!

Flatter her with the Brilliant gift of

VOGUE

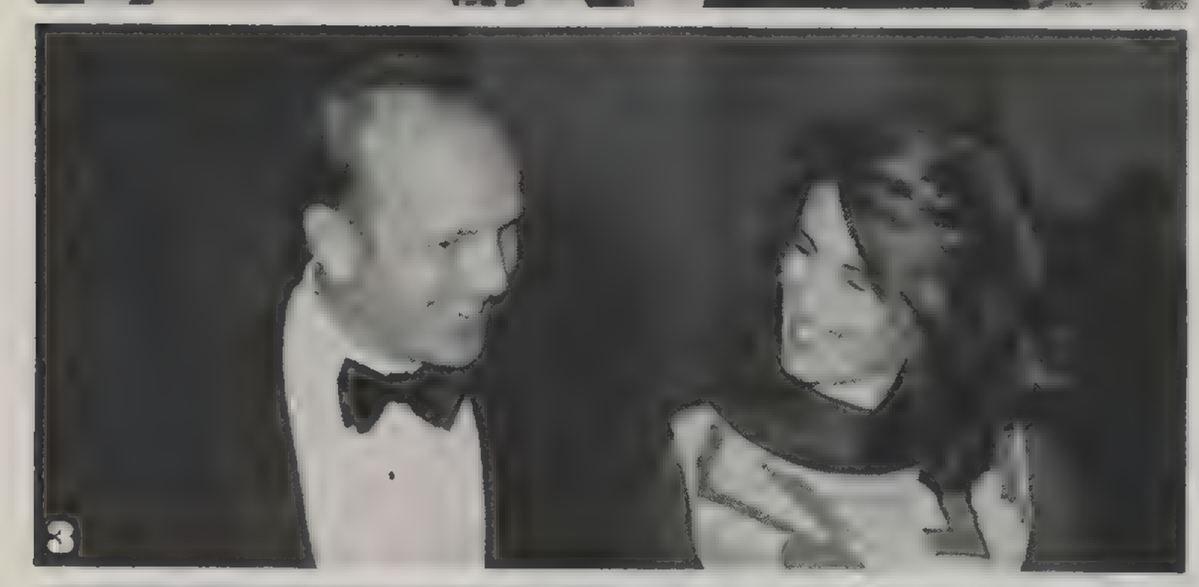
Across the U.S.A...

Minneapolis

Minneapolis Institute of Arts' Friends Fashion Show


1


2

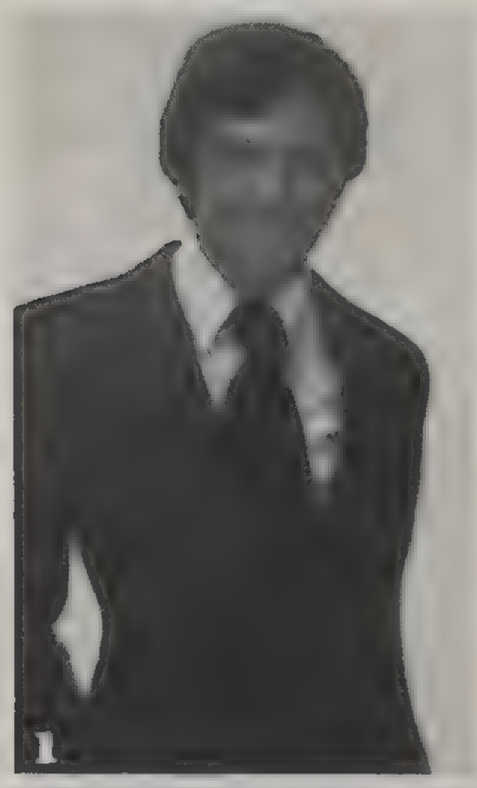

3


4

A fashion show by Dayton's highlighted fall fund raising activities by Friends of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. Seen at the Institute during the show are: 1. Children's Theatre Troop members. 2. Mr. Ben Shank, Mrs. George Dayton, Designer Chester Weinberg and Mrs. Kenneth Dayton. 3. Mr. Kenneth Dayton and Mrs. Leonard Lauder. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Craig Nalen, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hensel

Pittsburgh

Junior League of Pittsburgh Benefit Fashion Show


1


2


3


4

Pittsburgh's Junior League raised funds for community service activities with a cocktail party and fashion show, staged by the Joseph Horne Co. Shown at Horne's during the benefit are: 1. Designer Leo Narducci. 2. Junior League hostess welcoming guests. 3. Mrs. Finn Klingenberg modeling a Narducci gown. 4. Mrs. Nathan K. Parker, President of the Pittsburgh Junior League.

GALA BENEFITS and BALLS

All held to benefit local charities and featuring fashion shows of the New York Collections as reported in Vogue.

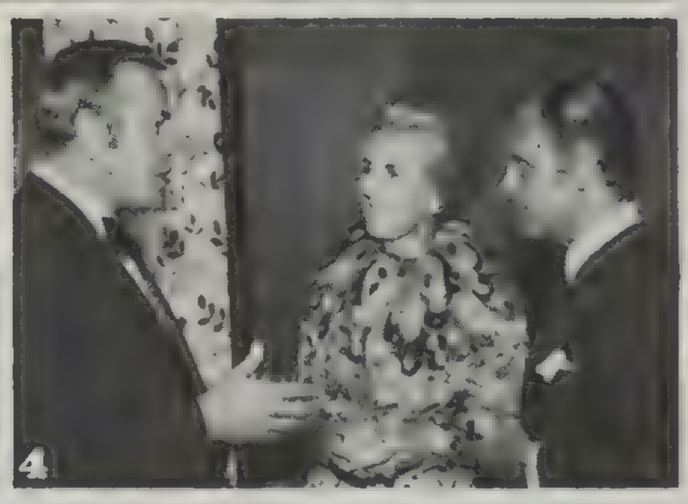
Kansas City, Mo.

Bal Luminaire Benefit for Crippled Children's School











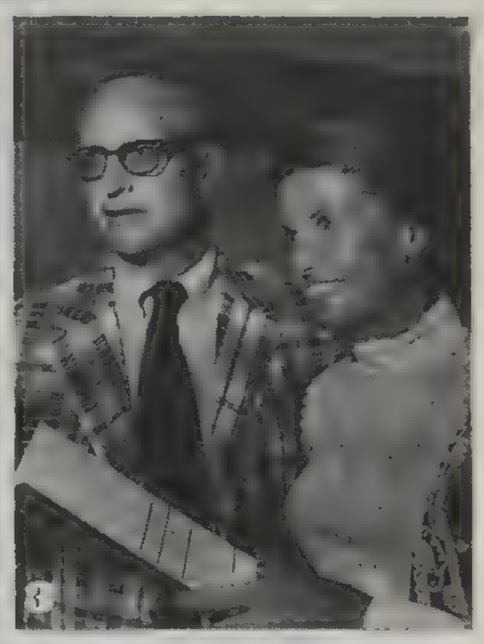
For the 25th anniversary of Crippled Children's Nursery School at Children's Mercy Hospital, a charity ball featuring a fashion show by Swanson's was given by the school. At the festivities: 1. Vogue publisher, Richard Shortway with Mr. and Mrs. William E. Heaton. 2. Mr. Paul Willson, Mr. Ralph Simon, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wagstaff, Mrs. Dolf Simoh and Mr. Donald Hall. 3. Miss Sandra Eicholtz and Mr. John Revson. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Price II with designer Bill Blass. 5. Mr. W. Coleman Branton, Mr. and Mrs. William McDonald and Dr. Ned. W. Smull.

Denver

Fashion Opus Benefit for the Denver Symphony











The Denver Symphony's Junior Guild members presented Fashion Opus — a cocktail-dinner party featuring a fashion show by The Denver — as their annual fund raising event. Among the guests were: 1. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Myers and Mr. Calvin H. Pope. 2. Mrs. Eric Peterson, Mr. Bruce Melin and Mrs. John Nagel. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Uhrich. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Delonoy and Mrs. Paul Richter. 5. A Fashion Opus model.

GALA BENEFITS and BALLS

Cleveland

Fashion International Benefit for the Cleveland Orchestra











Funds were raised for the Cleveland Orchestra by its Women's Committee and Halle's, who staged the Fashion International show which began the three day benefit. Pictured at the fashion show are: 1. Mr. Chisholm Halle and Mrs. John A. Hadden Jr. 2. Mr. George P. Carmer and Mrs. Robert C. Weiskopf. 3. Mrs. Joseph E. Adams, Mrs. Dudley S. Blossom Jr. and Mrs. Newton D. Baker III. 4. Mrs. Alfred Rankin and Mrs. John M. Cogan. 5. Mrs. Donald M. Brandt, General Chairman.

BOYS' CIRCUS

(Continued from page 104)

Today that wish has become a reality. The Republic of Bemposta belongs to its citizens, who have formulated a constitution and who oversee its application through institutions they have created: assemblies, law courts, a municipal council headed by a mayor who is not yet twenty years old. Nothing is lacking; for "domestic" use, they even have their own currency—a crown—whose value is based not on any rare metal but on citizens' labor; for the members of this youthful republic work for a living and receive salaries. Their "government" pays them to go to school and for the work they perform in various shops, the products of which are sold "abroad," replenishing the state coffers. These young people rightly feel that they owe nothing to anyone but themselves: their food, clothing, their books, everything they have they have earned. Work forms the foundation of their independence; it shapes their freedom, safeguards their dignity, and engenders in them a sense of responsibility. Each person is free to choose work he likes and to change jobs if he wishes. Some follow university careers. There are only two imperatives: everyone must work, everyone must abide by the rules of the community. No one is cast out of this republic: the function of the courts is not to punish but to understand. Anti-social behavior can only mean that he who practices it does not subscribe to the common pact and, in departing from it, does not consider himself a member of the republic.

The articles manufactured in the shops, the gas sold at the station, the "foreign currency" earned in the hotel run by students at the School of Hotel Management provided insufficient resources to cover the expenses of the citizens of Bemposta, who are, additionally, responsible for the "hamlet"—that is, very young children living in groups of six with foster parents. So the problem was raised: Where, how to find more money?

The circus.

If it is true that, as Freud believed, happiness is to live out as an adult a childhood dream, Father Silva must be the happiest of men. He came from a famous circus family; and, in founding his Circus School, he has fulfilled his love for these itinerant people whose chaplain he was for many years.

Today Father Silva watches the daily miracles of muscles submitting to will, of nerves mastered, of fear and anxiety conquered. He hears the laughter that punctuates the clowns' jokes, the waves of applause for the wonders worked by the "magicians." Above all, from town to town, village to village, he observes how the qualities of circus people that he prizes are being forged: an enlarged awareness, less imbued with prejudices and ready-made ideas; generous understanding of other people.

When the young artists assemble to the strains of pop music, when they sing and mime the prayer printed on page 107 condemning war and famine, when they toss and trample on a symbolic gold coin or rough up a caricatured figure in tails and top hat and bring him to his knees, when at last they dart out to embrace the audience in order to convey their message of love and hope—should we smile, or should we cry?

This is the moment when we must remember that two thousand children have escaped from poverty and neglect. In Bemposta they have found a homeland. Nobody there asks them where they come from, or whether, in rebelling against their condition, they have broken the law, or whether their parents work in a factory or teach at a university. Some are Black, others are swarthy, and some have blond hair and blue eyes; in becoming citizens of Bemposta they belong no longer to the past, they face the future.

Dream and reality accompany the Boys' Circus. They know where the money its artists earn will go—to the republic, and they are its ambassadors.

Their work reveals a hope it would be foolhardy to dismiss as unrealizable. How many ideas were once Utopian and are today commonplace realities? What would prevent men from achieving the Utopia that obsesses more and more of our consciences—happiness for everyone?

Two thousand children in a remote corner of an old and lacerated country work to make that dream come true. Should we not listen with sympathy to the naïve words of these ambassadors of the future? Should we not join them for a part of the way on the long road that leads toward the country of hope? ▼

SPOTLIGHT: **Art**

MONDRIAN

"Less is more" art

By Barbara Rose

When Piet Mondrian died of pneumonia in 1944 in a Manhattan hospital, he was hardly recognized as a major artist. With him were a few of his devoted group of American admirers, which included such painters as Harry Holtzman, Carl Holty, Ilya Bolotowsky, Charmion von Wiegand, Fritz Glarner, and Burgoyne Diller. Although his was an intensely private life, it appears from his friends' accounts that Mondrian was not cold and inhuman, though his paintings had been mistakenly called so. Those who knew him were devoted to him and tell of his enthusiasm for dancing, vaudeville, and pretty girls (whom he appreciated from a distance, however). He chose integrity above worldly success, always sacrificing life to art. His friend Hans Richter once asked him why he never married, since he seemed so drawn to women, and Mondrian replied it was because he was too poor.

During the four years he painted in New York, Mondrian had a profound impact on American art, which has grown with each passing year since his death. Yet he, too, changed in relation to his new environment, which he found endlessly exciting and stimulating visually. When he died, he was still working on "Victory Boogie Woogie," an astonishingly complex composition of hundreds of tiny rectangles flashing like the lights on Broadway along colored strips arranged in a grid design reminiscent of the layout of New York. Today, Mondrian is a legend, universally acknowledged as one of the towering figures of modern art.

Because of the immense debt of New York painting to Mondrian and because of Mondrian's love of New York—the first place his paintings were ever appreciated—it is appropriate that The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum has assembled a major Mondrian retrospective, October 8 to December 12. Including over one hundred paintings from Mondrian's earliest academic landscapes to the late boogie-woogie paintings of the 'forties, the exhibition reveals how much Mondrian's art developed and changed over the years. That the retrospective should take place at the Guggenheim, which as the Museum of Non-Objective Painting, as it was originally known, exhibited Mondrian's art early, is especially apposite. The decision to hold the exhibition now, within the present context, when a deeper understanding of the art of the great modern masters is needed to counteract the hysterical confusion of the New York scene, is also to be applauded. Because Mondrian's ideas were so fundamental to the formation of the American postwar esthetic, his work holds special interest at this moment of increasing historical consciousness. New research, admirably represented by the catalogue accompanying the show, reveals fresh meanings in Mondrian's art and its central position in the history of abstraction. Of special relevance is Robert Welsh's essay on the importance of theosophy in Mondrian's thought—an importance slighted, if not deliberately overlooked, until now because the mystical origins of abstraction have seemed suspect to many apologists for modern art.

It is true Mondrian was a reductive "minimal" artist involved in purging art of whatever it might sacrifice and still remain art. Yet his paintings are rich with complexity on many levels, which the Guggenheim exhibition permits us to study more deeply. Among the paintings are a number from private collections and an outstanding group from The Hague, some of which have never been seen in New York, guaranteeing that anyone seriously involved in modern art will greatly profit from the exhibition, which celebrates the one hundredth anniversary of Mondrian's birth. In the thirty years that have passed since Mondrian had his first one-man show at the age of seventy in New York, his reputation has grown to such proportion that he more than merits such a comprehensive showing of his work. ▼

GALA BENEFITS and BALLS

Buffalo

Millard Fillmore Hospital Benefit Brunch



A champagne brunch and fashion show to benefit Millard Fillmore Hospital were co-sponsored by the hospital's Junior Board and the William Hengerer Company. Seen at the Brookfield Country Club during this annual event: 1. Designer Anne Fogarty and Mr. Daniel Ransom. 2. Mrs. Frank Hackpacker. 3. Mrs. Craig Bruehl modeling. 4. Mrs. Jack Price. 5. Mrs. Frank Weber, Mrs. Daniel Ransom and Mrs. George Burns.

GALA BENEFITS and BALLS

Detroit

Fashionscope Two Day Benefit for the Junior League



The Junior League benefited from twin fashion shows held at the J. L. Hudson Co., one in the afternoon and another the next evening. Pictured at the events: 1. Mr. Frank Donovan, Chairman of the Board of the Detroit Opera Association. 2. Mrs. Ronald Birgbauer, Publicity Chairman for the Junior League. 3. Mrs. Donald R. McPhail, Chairman of Public Relations for the Junior League. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Hudson, Jr. 5. Mrs. John B. Ford, Jr. enjoyed the events with Mrs. William Muir. 6. Mr. Charles Cuminsky with designer Ferdinando Sarmi.

PRINCESS GRACE

(Continued from page 108)

Grace Kelly. Successful women also have this problem—because they often attract men who are not strong enough to stand on their own.

"I married a man who would not suffer from my name. I was going to become his wife, he wasn't to become my husband—if that makes sense."

So she chose Rainier III—relying mainly on her instinct.

"I didn't really think about it

"They're not curtsying to Grace Kelly, but to the wife of the prince"

because I act more on instinct and feeling. I don't sit and ponder. I've discovered that certain truths come all of a sudden. I'm out for a walk, say, or puttering around, and suddenly there is a flash and I think, 'Ah, of course, that's what it's all about.' "

Married life, which followed the fairy-tale marriage, April 18, 1956, was not easy at first.

"I had to separate myself from what had been Grace Kelly. This was very difficult for me. But it was necessary because, in order to enter the life here, I could not be two people.

"So during the first years, I lost my identity. My husband and his life absorbed me until the children came, and I began service work. Then, gradually, I joined up with myself again."

Yet Grace Kelly never really died because the actress helped create the princess.

"Some of my training helped me—such as the discipline of being on time, of going through a routine function, or knowing how to makeup and do your hair. Also, an actor has to see himself objectively and comprehend the motivations of human beings. All of this contributed—but only so much. In acting, for example, I never had to learn how to meet people. I was at home on the stage, or inside another person. But being someone else is quite different from being yourself. So I had to learn how to be myself in front of strange people.

"Also my sense of reality was turned upside down. As an actress, I had searched for truth through make-believe—not as an individual in a real setting. People joke about actors becoming civilians. Well, it was hard for me to become a civilian. My psyche was oriented to living in a creative environment."

This was further complicated by the unreal aspect of her newfound "real" world at Monte Carlo. The daughter of a self-made millionaire building contractor and Olympic sculler champion from Philadelphia was turned into a princess in one of the century's most celebrated weddings. She was addressed as "Your Serene Highness," cheered by crowds, and counseled by two Popes.

Yet a residual common sense from the Irish Kellys warned her that protocol in the tiny principality had its limits—otherwise everything became absurd. With this in mind, Grace soon eliminated some centuries-old traditions. Inevitably, the old guard was scandalized—as in the affair of the ladies' hats.

"Protocol at lunch in the palace called for every woman to wear a hat. Well, women don't wear hats today. Women who are not in public life don't. And they don't travel with them. That meant that many guests who were not living in Monaco had to go out and buy a hat to come to lunch.

"I thought this was a shame. I didn't want people to have to buy hats to come to lunch. So I abolished it, except for the *fête nationale* or something very official. Well, it caused a big stir. The traditional Monégasques and resident French were *appalled*. Yet where Europeans criticized me for doing away with hats, Americans would have faulted me for keeping them. So you can't win.

"It's like when I was an actress and everyone referred to me as being 'aloof' and 'cool'—adjectives used as a compliment. The moment I married a prince, those same adjectives became a crime! You're not allowed to be aloof if you're a princess, because the position puts you there without having to appear so."

Another sore point is the curtsy.

"A lot of Americans think it snobbish that I allow people to curtsy before me. They say 'How can you as an American let people do this? It's so undemocratic . . . it's the absolute limit . . .!'

"Let me say first of all: 'They're not curtsying to Grace Kelly, but rather to the wife of the prince and to the position I'm in.' Also, I was brought up in a convent and taught to curtsy to

(Continued on page 174)

(Continued from page 117)

unfathomed, meanings:

Dress, personal adornment, and makeup reflect, in a way at once lively and subtle, the essential character of a civilization. They inform us about its beliefs, its habits, its ways of living and thinking. Even the most remote areas of Morocco have known the influence of Islam and the fundamental principles of its ethic. Islam enjoins, among other virtues, decency, modesty, and dignity. In Morocco, traditional dress obeys its rules of propriety.

"Let your dress serve you without your becoming its slave," one proverb says. "Dress in such manner that your clothes attract neither the envious glance nor the reproving word."

In the so-called developed societies now, the aim of dress is not entirely to lend the body grace or even a measure of grandeur but rather to suggest erotic possibilities. Moroccan dress is characterized by an indifference to fashion and to erotic appeal. A closely fitted fabric clings to and reveals the human body; swaths of material adroitly gathered transform the body into an abstract construction that is often very poetic. Traditional dress offers vast surfaces and supple folds that confer on every gesture its full meaning and on every movement all its nobility. A taste for novelty, however, is inherent in human nature; and so this or that color or fabric in favor one year will be replaced by another color and fabric the next.

The middle-class urban man will wear baggy trousers and, over a shirt, an embroidered vest fastened in front, and a short open jacket with sleeves slashed to the elbow. To go out on the street, he adds a hooded *djellaba,* the color varying according to fashion, and a dark woolen *burnous,* or cape. (The *ksa,* or toga, was given up long ago. Only the imams still wrap themselves, for the Friday sermon, in this seamless, immaculately white garment.)

The cotton turban is more than a headdress: it is the badge of the believer. The prophet Mohammed said, "The turban is the frontier between faith and disbelief."

René Guénon, who has gone deeply into the mysteries of Muslim tradition, wrote: "The turban confers on the believer a certain gravity and worthiness, and also a majestic humility. It sets him apart from turbulent and dissipated persons, establishes him on a divine axis, destines him to contemplation. In a word, like a celestial weight, the turban opposes all that is sham and profane. Since for us it is the head —the brain—which determines our choice between the true and the false, the lasting and the ephemeral, the real and the illusory, the serious and the frivolous, the head must bear the mark of that function. . . .The turban envelops thought, which is always prone to forgetfulness, dissipation, and unfaithfulness; it recalls the sacred imprisonment of man's passional and God-fleeing nature."

Tradition enjoins on women modest garments, without too much decoration. The basic dress of a city woman of average means consists of undergarments —baggy trousers and a long shirt, most often of cotton—then the *caftan,* open at the front and with or without sleeves; and last, the outer *dfina* or *mansouria,* in a transparent fabric, either flower-printed or embroidered.

Babouches (slippers), belts, and jewelry complete the costume worn at home. To go out, a woman used to wrap herself in a *haïk,* which has now been replaced by the *djellaba.* A white or tinted veil covers her face, allowing only the eyes to be visible. Only city women wear veils when they leave the house. The Berber woman goes about with her face uncovered.

Year by year, fashion becomes more invasive, and the

"Veils, cosmetics, and jewelry protect against the 'evil eye' "

day seems not far off when men and women will be blended into an undifferentiated mass dressed in Western styles.

If city clothes are being subjected to modern influences, rural dress is still untouched. In the High and Middle Atlas mountains and in the valleys and on the plains to the south as far as the desert frontier, clothing and jewelry are of a Biblical beauty and simplicity. Apart from some

(Continued on page 182)

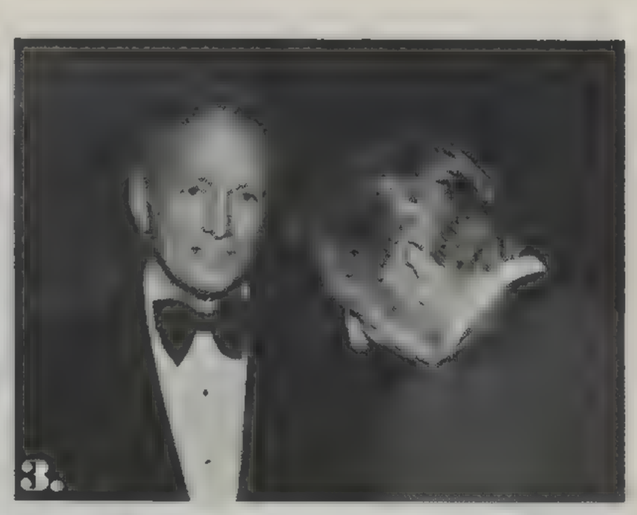
GALA BENEFITS and BALLS

Houston

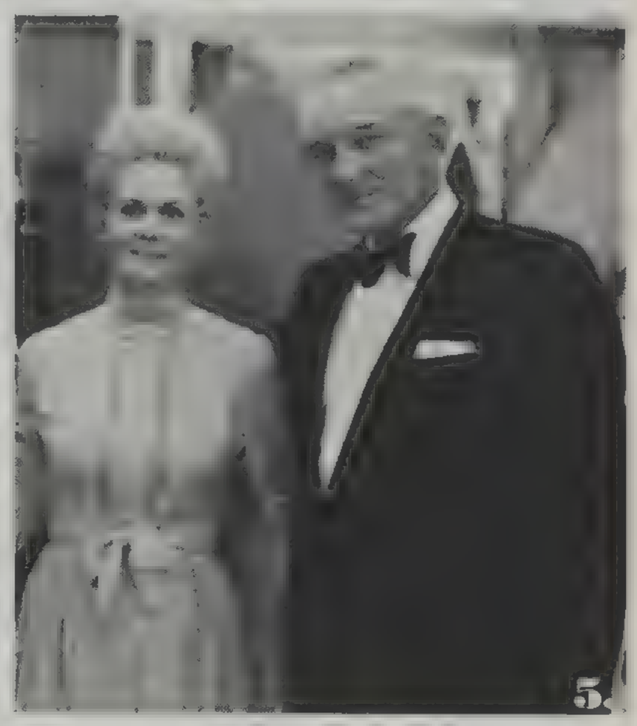
Festival of Romance Ball and Midnight Breakfast


1.


2.


3.

4.


5.


6.

The Texas Institute of Child Psychiatry benefited from the festivities held on three floors of the Sakowitz store. Celebrating the event were: 1. Miss Dene Hofheinz. 2. Mr. and Mrs. George Love dancing in the specially created "Nicholas and Alexandra" Ballroom. 3. Heart surgeon Dr. Denton Cooley with Mr. Louis Pearce. 4. Astronaut and Mrs. Alan Shepard. 5. Mrs. Robert K. Moses, Jr., Chairwoman and Mr. Robert K. Moses, Sr., Chairman of the Ball. 6. Mrs. Robert Sakowitz, Mr. Bernard Sakowitz, Mrs. George Zauderer and the Honorable Louie Welch, Mayor.

GALA BENEFITS and BALLS

Rochester

Forman Flair Award Benefit for Health Career Scholarships




2.


3.


4.

This year a brunch and Vogue fashion show, sponsored by the Women's Auxiliary to the Medical Society of the County of Monroe and the B. Forman Co., benefited the Health Career Scholarships program. The presentation of the Forman Flair Award to the woman who performed outstanding voluntary service to the community highlighted this event. Present were: 1. Mrs. Theodore Van Zandt, President of the Women's Auxiliary. 2. Award Winner Mrs. DeLeslie Allen with Mr. Maurice R. Forman. 3. Fashion show model. 4. From the right: the Honorable Stephen May, Mayor; Mr. Forman, Mrs. Edward Mulligan, Mrs. Hobart L. Boyd, Mrs. Harry Pinsky, Mrs. Lorie Gulino, Mrs. Robert Wadsworth, Mr. Joseph E. Morrissey, Mrs. James C. Reddig and Mrs. Van Zandt.

CHINA

(Continued from page 157)

liberation from the family hearth and their devotion to the people who made it possible.

Small, urban commune workshops such as this metallurgy factory run by housewives are now again encouraged by the state, as they were during the Great Leap Forward (1958-62). Every man, woman, and school-aged child is aware of two major threats to China's hard-won security—an attack by an unfriendly country and the threat of natural disaster. Widespread and painstaking precautions are under way to lessen the danger—an increasingly successful program of "self-sufficiency" within each area of China, provincial and municipal. Every section of the country is building up its own industry and agriculture, aiming at independence in grain, food, raw materials, machinery, transportation, and the tools and parts needed to keep production going. Small workshops fit into this plan by serving at least two roles —using up what would otherwise be waste (and pollution) and producing small parts needed by big factories.

Pi Wan-ch'ih (pronounced Bee Wan-cher) spoke for the tea-drinking group. Born in nearby Dairen thirty-two years ago, she is the daughter of a worker family and the wife of a factory worker. I was reminded of a young Katharine Cornell or, more currently, Anne Bancroft. They share the same generous smile, the same shape of face, lit by warm and easy dignity. Perched on the edge of a high stool, swaddled in dark-blue overalls, a worker's cap tucked over bobbed hair, she could have been an actress giving out an interview between takes. Comrade Pi was giving out, instead, details and history of the factory and its governing Revolutionary Committee of which she is vice-chairman.

"All the women here live in the same neighborhood commune," she explained, black eyes sparkling. (I tended to call her Mrs., but Chinese women do not take the husband's name and are addressed by their own without accompanying identification.) "One evening our study group considered Chairman Mao's words, 'China could make a greater contribution to humanity.' We discussed it for some time and concluded that we women must do something to further the cause of our country and the world. In the old society we had no position. When the People's Army liberated us, we became our own masters. We thought life very comfortable—our kids go to school; we eat rice and meat. Then we began to realize that genuine, complete equality comes only through actively participating in the construction of socialism. We thought it shameful to depend on our husbands. Only through labor can we improve conditions and be truly equal to men. So we left our kitchens and walked out the gates of our homes."

"How about your husbands?" I asked. "How did they feel about this?"

"They supported us wholeheartedly. They taught us the processes. They still help us. This morning Comrade Han's old man was here to repair a lathe before he went off to work. So it's been, all the time.

"We found some unused land," said Comrade Pi, "close to our homes so there's no transportation problem. With the blue sky above us and grass at our feet we began to work. In rain we waited in neighborhood shelters, in cold we rubbed our hands and jumped to keep warm. We were happy to do this. We were winning honors for our country."

Near-envy stole over me. These women, without makeup, in old work pants, seemed genuinely happy. I looked around the simple room. Table and chairs, resting on bare earth, were strictly kitchen variety. Colored pictures of a new Peking opera decorated whitewashed walls; a photo of Mao Tse-tung hung between two dingy windows. Outside, rain splashed the unpaved yard to sticky mud. Two posters caught my eye. One was "Fear neither hardship nor death"; the other, "We, the Chinese nation, have the spirit to fight the enemy to the last drop of our blood, the determination to recover our lost territory by our own efforts, and the ability to stand on our feet in the family of nations."

Pi Wan-ch'ih continued. "We put up buildings. They're small; you can touch the ceilings, but they're doing big things. Chairman Mao says 'learn through practice'; he teaches us to rely on our own strength. At first we made tools from bits of wood and old sheet iron. We've kept those tools; you'll see them. It's good

(Continued on page 179)

THE ROSE

(Continued from page 151)

be asserting that it is three minutes before eight, until one remembers that this is a picture of a mirror image and that the moment being recorded is, in fact, three minutes past four . . . this detail, since one doesn't know the day, the month, or even the year (1757? '58? '60? or even '61?) is a strangely disquieting one . . . what is Boucher trying to say? That all days and hours are alike for Madame de Pompadour whose whim can turn anything and everything back to front and inside out? That this secular goddess of the rose, who is his patroness, is the careless murderess of all the things that she professes to love and value? Her favorite rose is at her feet, as she is, at least metaphorically, at the king's feet, as an emblem of the love that brings great danger, if not actual death, to the beloved —as man's love of roses has brought great danger to the rose. . . .

That rose, the one that has now been lying at Madame de Pompadour's feet for just over two hundred years, is the heavily scented, almost thornless, violet-pink variety of *Rosa gallica* called Belle de Crécy, which is still being grown. As this is a very pleasant rose, that may not seem strange; but then one of the most striking things about man-made roses is that they tend to disappear. The histories of such varieties of garden roses as White Provence, Duc du Guiche, Président de Sèze, and Belle de Crécy, which go back to the eighteenth century, or beyond it, are exceptional. It is paradoxical, but precisely because men have loved this flower so much, the rose, which in itself is one of the most stubbornly enduring plant identities, has become a fragile and transient thing whose varieties sometimes fail to outlive the human individuals in whose honor they have been named.

This flower, which the English-speaking peoples like to think of as their own, is, to tell the truth, an exotic belonging to Asia and the Middle East.

It must be said, too, that the origins of the rose were humble. In spite of all its grace and elegance, it is, genetically speaking, a glorified bramble, a distant cousin of the white-flowered blackberry. The mutation that delivered it from its obscure destiny occurred a very long time ago and in all probability in the Orient, since wild roses still grow with more freedom and in greater variety among the mountains of northern Burma and southern China than they do anywhere else. The primitive roses are thought to have established themselves in this region, and then to have traveled westwards to come into Europe by way of the Balkans, and eastwards to come into America by way of the Aleutian chain.

But however it spread itself about the world, the rose had succeeded in colonizing the full extent of the temperate and subtropical zones of the northern hemisphere long before men had learned how to talk or to light fires. Fossils of an exquisite delicacy, preserved, among other places, in the Museum of the Rose, which is part of the delightful *fin-de-siecle* rose garden at L'Haÿ-les-Roses, just outside Paris, show that two roses that are still growing, wild and in gardens—the dog rose, *Rosa canina,* and the wild shrub rose from China, *Rosa willmottiae*—were growing a million and a half years ago in territories as far apart as northern Europe and Colorado.

The first rose growers were probably either the ancestors of the modern Cantonese, or the prehistoric inhabitants of northern Iran, with probability on the side of the Iranians. There are those who will have it that memories of northern Iran, cherished by tribes who had pushed out of this happy region into the less genial valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates, underlie the story of the garden of Eden. However that may be, it was the Iranians who made the rose the emblem of love and of physical passion. They were worshippers of the huntress, Anna, Nanaia, or Anahita, the first of all Western goddesses, and they gave her the rose as her flower.

Civilization had its origins among the children of Anahita who learned how to grow grain crops from seed beside the great rivers of Mesopotamia and northern India. Their goddess, garlanded with roses, and bearing a sheaf of ripe grain in her arms, brought civilization into Europe, and after beginning as the Mother, presently became Demeter, Artemis, Thetis, Aphrodite, and, in due course, the Roman Venus.

Religion governed the lives

(Continued on page 177)

GALA BENEFITS and BALLS

Fort Wayne

New York Collections Benefit for the Philharmonic Orchestra


1.


2.


3.


4.

A Champagne reception and fashion show: The Best of the New York Collections were shown from Vogue and benefited the Fort Wayne Philharmonic Orchestra. Among those at the L. S. Ayres Show were: 1. Designer Bill Blass who was born in Indiana and whose clothes were shown. 2. Mrs. Thomas West, Mrs. Stan Maier. 3. Mrs. Robert Greenlee, President of the Women's Committee chats with Mrs. G. Irving Latz who is President of the Philharmonic Board. 4. Among those who helped make this such a successful event are committee members: Mrs. William Phillips, Mrs. Keith Darby, Mrs. DeWayne Hull and Mrs. Robert Hamblin.

GALA BENEFITS and BALLS

Dallas

Arête Awards Benefit for Women's Council of Dallas













The annual Arête Awards luncheon and fashion show sponsored by Titche's, was held to benefit the Women's Council of Dallas this year. Arête Awards honor two outstanding women in community service and professional leadership. Guests included: 1. fashion show model. 2. Mrs. Claude Boothman and Award Winner Dr. Louise S. Cowan. 3. Mrs. Charles Sharp. 4. Mrs. James Ling and Mrs. Max Thomas. 5. Award Winner Miss Pearl C. Anderson and Mr. Louis I. Davis. 6. Miss Ellen Hammond, Mrs. Harold Volk and Miss Patricia Hammond.

PRINCESS GRACE

(Continued from page 170)

the Reverend Mother or to any person of high authority. So it isn't all that strange to me."

Protocol, in an age of collapsing traditions and bad manners, had a function.

"I recall what Pope John told us. We were alone with him and he was apologizing for all the pomp and protocol in the Vatican. Then he said, 'But you see, I need all this to remind me who I have to be.'

"I knew exactly what he meant. You need to be reminded of your role once in a while."

Nor did Grace's role as a monarch's wife (and ruling regent in event of his premature death) create any conflict within the princess who as a girl was taught the virtues of democracy.

"Yes, I was taught to think differently. But whether it's growing up or living in Europe—or a combination of both—one finally sees basic differences in the nature of people from various parts of the world. The Latin temperament, for example, is completely different from the Anglo-Saxon which basically governs the United States.

"Also the Mediterranean in itself is very special. A Frenchman from the north of France and one from the south are entirely different people. Living here and learning about the Mediterranean temperament—their idiosyncrasies and way of life—changes one's concepts.

"I don't think democracy, as it is set up in the United States, could possibly work in Latin countries. Or take the Swiss system which works beautifully there. Where else could it work but with the Swiss?

"There's no perfect form of government. Each has to be adapted to the *needs* of the people—not always to their desires, but their *needs*."

In Spain, for example, a strong authoritarian government was needed in the wake of the civil war. And now Italy needed similar controls. Strikes were crippling its industry and tourism.

"The Communists can't control Italy by votes. So they are trying to disrupt everything, break it down. Italy is in desperate need of a benevolent dictator. I hope such a man exists and they can find him quickly."

Other nations of the Western world, especially America, were further threatened by the crack-up of family life before a variety of dangers.

Grace admitted the militant wing of Women's Lib might not like what she had to say. Also she might be called old-fashioned, but she didn't care because she felt she was onto something worth talking about.

For one thing, failure to breast-feed is a growing threat to mother love and family survival.

"Unless there is a definite medical problem or physical disability, there is no excuse for a mother not to breast-feed her baby—including working mothers. A woman is generally given a six-weeks leave after the baby is born. And, even if she is able to feed her child only that long, it's a tremendous start, because the first month is the most dangerous in the life of a new-born.

"I nursed my children only two months because I had to get back to work, too. But many working mothers are able to feed their children in the morning and evening, with the bottle in between. It can be worked out.

"The woman in America who doesn't breast-feed says, 'The bottle's less bother,' or 'I don't want to be a cow.' Or there's the working woman who gives her child to a day center to not be bothered. But, in many underdeveloped countries, the bottle has been made a status symbol by dairy companies in order to sell powdered milk. Many families can't afford it, so they feed their children weakened formula. When you consider that a woman can give her child perfect nourishment for a year, or even two, it's criminal.

"Also, most hospitals are so understaffed, doctors and nurses haven't time to get a mother started nursing her first child. It's difficult at first, you know. It's not the natural thing it is with an animal.

"A woman has to be told how to hold the baby and how to get the flow started. The 'La Leche League' is an international group that helps with this. They're the most unselfish, dear, sweet women I've ever met."

Somewhere between the disappearing housewife and reappearing baby bottle, the princess found the modern male losing control.

"The Frenchman still has an authority over his family which has been lacking in the American

home for the last generation. I have a feeling the American male has sort of given up. He's been too soft. He's relinquished too easily. No, it's not Woman's Lib. It began before that—after the last world war. Nor do I believe he was especially forced into it by losing control of his world in a technological age.

"I know that little boys are very lazy and I guess big boys are, too. If they think someone else will do it, they won't bother. It's the easy way out."

And the vanishing male was urgently needed.

"The father should be the leader of the family. He's physically stronger—and for a reason. It's nature's way of showing who should be leader.

"Women don't have to fall into the position of saying, 'Oh, we're so inferior . . .' because women can do so many other things [laughs]—through her instincts, her patience, her feminine intuition and her intelligence—all so necessary to complete the family, to give it its heart and encourage her husband to do what he should do. The woman

"The American male has sort of given up. He's been too soft"

is the homemaker. It's up to her to create the cadre, the framework of family life.

"My father was a man with tremendous personality. He had a magnetism that just drew people to him. He was definitely the real focal point of our family. He had lots of friends and our house was always filled with people.

"He was very gentle. He could never give us a scolding or a spanking. My mother did that. She was more the disciplinarian.

"But when my father spoke, or something definitely had to be done, boy, that was it. On Sunday mornings, everybody was ready—dressed, pressed, and off to church. There'd be none of the 'I was out late, Daddy, I'd like to go to a later Mass.' Oh, no, you were there with him. He had his family moving into church, right behind him, before ten o'clock, Sunday after Sunday.

"Today, the automobile has done away with a lot of that. Families go off to the country. The parish as the center of the Catholic community has disappeared."

Another form of communal exchange known to the Kellys was also vanishing.

"The family meal still exists in France, but in the United States families tend to scatter at mealtimes. Or they sit in front of television and eat off a tray and say nothing. That's where the generation gap begins—as a dialogue gap."

Kindness was vanishing, too.

"People have forgotten how to be kind and considerate because they've never seen it at home. They think children must be ordered by commands, like "Don't do that! Do this! Stop that!' I find myself doing it at times. Yet, if you stop to think, you realize that these are little people. They're not just children. They're human individuals who have to learn basic politeness toward other human beings through contact with their parents at home."

Discipline was also going, with sad results.

"Psychiatrists have done a great deal of harm to the family since the war with their stress against giving children complexes. As a result, a whole generation has been too pampered, with too much freedom and a definite lack of discipline.

"Children need discipline. They want it, really. It has nothing to do with love. If you're hard on your children and a strong disciplinarian, yet constantly let him know you love him as well, he'll realize your discipline stems from a real care that doesn't affect his love for you. Children are also quite logical and want to know *why* things are being done. I'll admit, however, that you can't always give great explanations. Sometimes you have to say, 'Don't argue now, do it.'"

Youth rebellion was normal and to be expected as a search for one's self—but not to destroy others.

"I was a rebel, too. I rebelled against my family and the whole structure of my society. I was the weaker member in a strong family—overpowered by them. To find out who I was, I had to get away. So I went to New York to study and enter the theater.

"But I didn't try to destroy

(Continued on page 176)

GALA BENEFITS and BALLS

Chicago

English Speaking Union Scholarship Fund Benefit



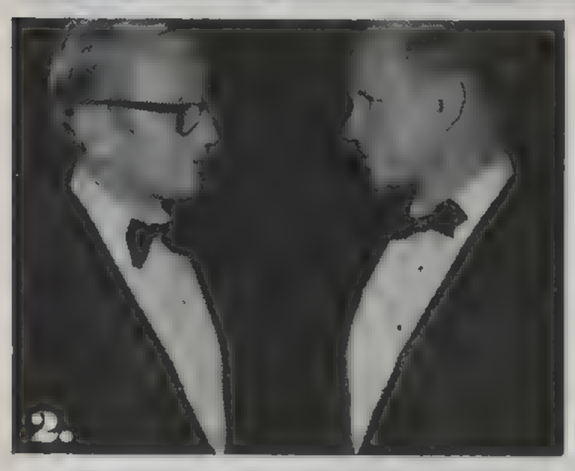
A luncheon based on the Vogue diet, combined with a fashion show by Stanley Korshak, was the English Speaking Union's Scholarship Fund fall benefit. Pictured at the event are: 1. Mrs. Thierry McCormick and Mr. Stanley Korshak. 2. Mrs. Potter Palmer. 3. Mr. Nicholas Vansittart, Mr. Robert A. Carr, Mrs. Robert Hosmer Morse and Mrs. Robert A. Carr. 4. Mrs. Gardner H. Stern, Mrs. John R. Winterbotham III and Miss Eleanor Steinert. 5. Mrs. Alexander Hehmeyer, Benefit Chairman. 6. Mr. Thomas S. Tyler and Mrs. James W. Pope.

GALA BENEFITS and BALLS

San Antonio

Symphony Society Benefit Gala Baccanale


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A dinner and dance at the home of Mr. Robert L. B. Tobin featured a Vogue-Inspired Fashion Show and the presentation of the Frost Bros. first International Achievement Award to honor both business achievement and humanist contributions. Attending the Gala were: 1. Mr. Curtis T. Vaughn, Jr., Mrs. Irving Mathews and Dr. Martin Goland. 2. The Honorable John Gatti, Mayor and Mr. James Spencer Calvert. 3. Mr. Irving Mathews and Mrs. John T. Saunders. 4. Mr. Richard Calvert escorts model down runway. 5. Mrs. Shelby C. Stanley Jr. with Miss Pola Negri. 6. Mrs. Edgar Tobin welcomes Award Winner, Estee Lauder and her husband Mr. Joseph Lauder.

PRINCESS GRACE

(Continued from page 175)

anything. I simply knew what I didn't want to do or want to be, and that I wanted to be something else. That meant, first of all, being financially independent; and at eighteen I was earning my own way.

"So I can't sympathize with these kids who, on one hand, want to get away from their families, which I understand, but also take checks from home while screaming and rioting. It's not very mature or adult, and you can't take them seriously."

The violent ones, of course, were a serious problem.

"There was a time when teachers perhaps took advantage of their authority. You know, the nineteenth-century stories of children being brutalized. But now we've swung completely the other way.

"Laws prevent teachers from being cruel or brutal, but there's nothing to restrain children from pulling knives on the teachers.

"What's happened in the big city schools in the last fifteen years is frightful. How can they get decent teachers? How can one teacher in a classroom of forty-five kids, who have all the rights and no responsibilities, establish a constructive student-teacher relationship of give-and-take?

"Also, there's no time for it. Schools today are so crowded that at the end of the term the child is pushed ahead, whether he knows the work or not, because there are thousands of others waiting to come in. Here the problem is enormous. But without discipline, keeping the gang quiet, how can the teacher get across even a few points?"

Grace is opposed to divorce —but realizes there can be the death of love and the need to separate.

"If two people can't live together, there's no sense in doing so. But they should try to stick it out until their children reach an age where they can emotionally accept this separation. Unfortunately, it most often happens when the child is in adolescence, which is the worst time.

"Children know when their parents no longer love one another. They feel it, they see it. I know the old argument that 'It's better for the child to have a calm life rather than hostility and argument—so it's better to separate.'

"But I don't agree. I think children, seeing their parents not getting along, constantly hope things will change. And they just might if there's an effort. Also, the parents can be civil and polite with one another, even if they're no longer lovers."

About birth control:

"What can you say? My father was ninth of ten children and I'm *awfully* glad my grandmother didn't use things, or say, 'Oh, four's enough for me.' "

On the population explosion:

"Doing away with, say, one million out of three hundred million will not solve the problem. Today we live in such a free society, with everyone for himself. Tomorrow the laws and regulations will have to be more strict to handle the growing numbers so that everyone will be made to cooperate in order to live in some sort of harmony."

About herself:

"I've never thought of myself as pretty, though I love it when people pay me compliments. When I was young, I was

"I rebelled against my family. . . . I had to get away"

so bland no one ever noticed me. I was always introduced about five times because I made no impression. I think I'm probably better looking now because I've learned to use what I have, to make the best of the good points and hide the bad ones."

Also a woman's sense of feeling beautiful came and went, Princess Grace said, depending upon the day, the hour, and the occasion.

As for her own future, Grace occasionally glances at the astrology chart to see what might happen next. She's a Scorpion with Libra ascending.

"That probably saves me from being an absolutely impossible Scorpion . . . but what interpretations can you trust? On the night of the Red Cross Ball —the annual gala benefit which I sponsor—the chart advised me: 'Forget about any social engagements'!"

And her husband, the Prince?

"He's a Gemini. They're not supposed to be ideal with Scorpions. Supposedly, I'd be much better off with a Taurian." ▼

THE ROSE

(Continued from page 173)

of the Romans even more than the pursuit of wealth and power. Every part of the daily routine was the domain of some god or goddess, and nothing was more sacred and holy to the Romans than sexual intercourse. Priapus, the god of maleness, was present in every eager male member; and Venus was present in the body of every woman. Garlands of roses and showers of rose petals were an inseparable part of Venus's rituals, and every bedding called for its scattering of roses and rose petals. The early Christian honor of the body and loathing of the sexual act were in part inspired by the traditional associations that made every mating a tribute to the pagan goddess.

The rose underwent a species of proscription for nearly five hundred years when the priests of the new Roman religion overturned the altars of the old. It was only at the beginning of the Middle Ages, when the Mother of Christ had returned to become, as it has been said, the fourth member of the Trinity, that the rose was able to make its comeback. As the cult of the Madonna grew, roses began to appear more and more frequently in her garlands, and legends told of magical sproutings of rosebushes from graves of saints and spots where fortunate individuals had been accorded visions of the Madonna herself.

While the rose was establishing itself in the bosom of the Church, a new secular culture of comfort and pleasure, of which gardening was a part, was coming into being. Among other things that the Crusaders brought back with them was the public bath, the great pagan institution that had been anathema to the body-hating early Christians. The late medieval Nordic bathhouses stood in palisaded gardens, and men and women bathed naked together in huge wooden tubs that stood in trellis-work rose arbors, over which climbed the heavily scented roses of the Middle East: *Rosa gallica, Rosa centifolia,* the rose of Provins (brought into France in 1325 by the then Comte de Brie), the Moss rose, and the Damask or Damascene rose. With these roses, the returning Crusaders brought back the repertory of rose metaphors of Islamic and Persian poetry. These first became the stock in trade of those Provençal poets who were in due course to excite Ezra Pound so much and then passed into the literary language of all Europe. A sweetly mediocre verse that Henry Lichfild included in his set of madrigals of 1613 might have been written by any nice young man with a lute and a free afternoon anywhere between Isfahan and Dublin: *"I always loved to call my lady Rose,/ For in her cheeks roses do sweetly glose;/ And from her lips she such sweet odors threw,/ As Roses do'gainst Phoebus morning view./ But when I thought to pull't, hope was bereft me,/ My rose was gone and prickles only left me. . . ."* Such songs may seem to be mere collections of clichés; but it is precisely from these elements that Nicholas Hilliard was able to make one of the most distinguished and moving of all Elizabethan English, and perhaps of all English, portraits—that of the young man in white tights who is unable, or unwilling, to escape from the thorny embraces of a dog rose. However hackneyed these metaphors became, they are continually delivered from banality by their ability to give compact expression to the truth of the most vital experiences and by the reality of the rose. To brush a rose against one's cheek when one is in love is to rediscover the living meaning of that time-honored vocabulary. And whatever sinister light Freud and his disciples may be thought to have thrown on the experiences of the Sleeping Beauty in that lost manor engulfed in briars, the story keeps its residual magic as an emblematic representation of those innate contradictions of which the rose among the thorns is the sign and which are more readily understood by the light of intuition than that of reason.

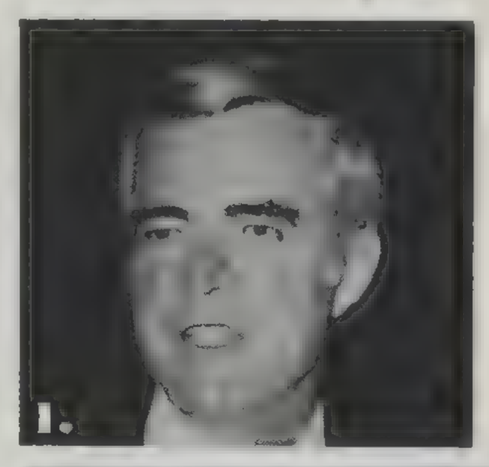
Not all Saracens or Arabs were poets, some of them were metaphysicians who dabbled in the mélange of Greek, Roman, and Egyptian mystical literature available in Alexandria. These ideas began to seep into the West through the Arab universities in Spain; and the Majorcan sage Ramón Lull founded a new line of European thinking upon them: the whole of the universe is to be comprehended intuitively by giving concentrated attention to its smallest parts; all the relationships in the universe are mirrored in the relationships, for instance, between the parts of the

(Continued on page 178)

GALA BENEFITS and BALLS

Akron

50th Anniversary of the Art Institute


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The 50th Anniversary of the Akron Art Institute was grandly celebrated with a dinner and dance at the Institute. The exhibit focused on Ohio artists of yesterday and today. Attending were: 1. Mr. Sam S. McKeel, President of the Board of Trustees. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Myers. 3. The Fashion Pageant based on Vogue's New York Collections was given by O'Neil's. 4. The Honorable Mayor and Mrs. John Ballard. 5. Mrs. C. Colmery Gibson and Congressman John Seiberling. 6. Mr. and Mrs. C. Colmery Gibson with Ohio artist Mrs. Isabel Bishop.

GALA BENEFITS and BALLS

Seattle

Seattle Opera Association Benefit


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This year, Divas and Diamonds, Act VII, the traditional annual fashion show that inaugurates the Fall Season in Seattle, was based on the New York Collections and benefited the Seattle Opera Association. I. Magnin, as usual, sponsored the event which was attended by more than 1,100 people. Among whom were: 1. Mrs. Albert O. Foster. 2. Mrs. John Reitze. 3. Mrs. Alan Harvey. 4. Mrs. E. Pierce Milholand. 5. Mrs. Michael Johnson.

THE ROSE

(Continued from page 177)

rose—a flower that symbolized perfect harmony.

While the thinkers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were making the rose into an emblem and a symbol, gardeners and travelers were beginning a new chapter in the history of the flower. Travelers from the West began to make more and more frequent penetrations of the East. The Moslem passion for gardens and gardening made a great impression on these travelers who brought back many new flowers and new gardening ideas with them. In the Far East, trade between the Moslem countries and China was increasing. Some roses from China made their way into Europe by way of Turkey in the seventeenth century, and others by way of Bengal and the port of Calcutta in the first part of the following century. In the 1750's the ships of the British East India Company began to make regular visits to Canton, and more and more of the beautifully formed and sweetly scented Chinese roses began to reach the West.

The adventures of some of these Chinese roses have been remarkable. *Rosa laevigata,* which first appeared in the Chinese garden manuals as Chin Ying Tzn in the thirteenth century, came into Europe by way of Turkey, was misnamed *Rosa sinensis* sometime in the 1600's, and then was shipped into one of the American Tidewater colonies where it "escaped," as the botanists say, and established itself as a native wild flower. By the early 1800's it had become so common throughout the South that a French botanist assumed that it must be of American origin and gave it the name Cherokee Rose. *Rosa Banksiae,* which began its garden life as Mn Hsiang, got its Western name when it was brought from Canton to Sir Joseph Banks's botanical gardens at Kew in England and began a new chapter in its biography by escaping from gardens in California to become a wild flower in that state. Another conquistador among the roses is the wild *Rosa rugosa* from Japan and Korea, which shows that it is much hardier than most roses in the matter of standing up to frost. Since the 1850's, when some specimen plants were washed up on the beach after a homeward-bound China clipper had come to grief on the southern shore of Cape Cod, it has established itself as a native of the New England shore and acquired a new name as the Salt Spray rose.

But the Chinese ancestors of almost all the popular garden roses now in use reached Europe in the second half of the eighteenth century: Yneh Chi, *Rosa chinensis,* and the Hsiang Shu Yneh Chi, *Rosa odorata,* known as the Tea rose. These roses had an aristocratic grace and elegance that the comfortable, flat-faced, and countrified roses of the Middle East conspicuously lacked; and they had an enormous appeal for the formalists of the day.

The history of modern rose growing begins with Napoleon's Empress Josephine, who found some relief from the difficulties of her position in her rose garden at Malmaison. In 1800 she had her gardeners collect specimens of all the roses then known to exist. They were able to assemble two hundred and fifty distinct varieties. The work, which involved a worldwide search, was rounded out in 1812 when the collection was presented to the public at what was in effect the first modern rose show. This event gave European gardeners a chance to see rather more than three quarters of the membership of the order of *Rosaceae.* Since they had just discovered the art of controlling the hybridization of plants, this sight presented them with a stimulus and a challenge. The result has been a rose explosion. Twenty years after the Malmaison show, fourteen hundred varieties of roses were on sale in England; a French firm, Desportes and Prévost, was offering its customers a choice of two thousand. The truth is that it is very easy to produce rose hybrids, and that anyone of normal intelligence can master the procedures involved in a couple of hours.

The result is between two and four hundred new rose varieties on the market every year, as has been the case ever since the 1830's when the younger Dumas remarked of the industrious flower painter Madeleine Lemaire that only God had made more roses. He was wide of the mark. If God is to be credited with all the roses that existed at the time that Josephine made her collection, he can only be held responsible for some forty distinct rose species and another hundred and sixty to two hun-

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for us to remember the past. It's good for young people to learn about the past, to realize this easy new life is based on others' hard work. True, production has developed and we need equipment—sometimes hands are too slow. But machines are not the most important factor, human beings are. Human beings are decisive. We must remember this."

I saw the tools. They're kept in a shed that Winnie-the-Pooh's friend Eeyore could have claimed as home. Broken spades, rusty cans, forlorn pails, worn-out buckets were sharp reminders of a difficult beginning. A pathetic handmade wheelbarrow stood next to a rickety "motorized" saw, an unbelievable 180 pieces of nailed-together scrap wood was explained as a magnetic dressing machine. Turned upside down, an earthen pickle jar bore the label "Dragon Stool"—it had served as the accountant's seat. With such equipment these women had succeeded.

The tiny workplace is now well enough off to have recently purchased a pressing machine costing eleven thousand yuan. The accumulation fund takes care of production needs, depreciation, and welfare—the last includes not only free complete medical care but nursery equipment, beds, toys, work clothes, monthly menstruation material, theater, cinema, baths, haircuts.

Comrade Pi removed her cap to shake out thick, shining hair. "Every worker here gets tickets to the barber shop. They do a good job, don't you think?" I did.

The commune nursery makes it possible for nursing mothers to start work again after the three-month maternity leave. Most of the women have children; there was a bit of blushing when I asked the average. "We never figured. Many have two. Few have more than five."

"Two children is best . . . four a big mistake"

"And you?" I asked my tea partners. The blushing increased. Pi Wan-ch'ih had four; Chang Su-ying five; Wang Su-ching two. "Two is best." They laughed embarrassedly. "Three is a minor mistake, four a big mistake. We don't intend to have any more!"

I asked if the extra money earned made life easier. The response was unanimous: "Family life is very happy and comfortable; prices are stable and many commodities are available. We have no medical costs; education is free. Our flats were built on what used to be a graveyard—now we have homes there with central heat. Of course extra money helps, but we have everything we need—even savings." They showed me their wristwatches. "Almost everyone has a watch and a bicycle. All have radios and many own a sewing machine. We go to the theater and see every film. On holidays we take trips or see exhibitions. Our lives are full."

Pan Kuei-jung's face lit up. "I feel I'm getting younger and younger."

When I left, they lined up, each waving a "Little Red Book" of Mao quotations. I remembered the words, "Women hold up half the sky." In front of me, as I went through the gates, was concrete proof: the liberated ladies' handmade chimney supporting the dense grey mist above.

In prerevolutionary times women endured the dominance and authority of men, themselves as cruelly oppressed as their women. In 1927 Mao Tse-tung wrote, "A man in China is usually subjected to the domination of three systems of authority (political, clan, and religious) . . . women, in addition, are also dominated by the men (the authority of the husband)." I became an unofficial polltaker for Women's Liberation as I persisted, to the amusement (but understanding) of our Chinese friends, in asking how many *women* were on Revolutionary Committees, in activist groups, in governmental roles, in delegations. Always far fewer than men, women in China are no more equal in this way than in the United States or in France. But many more responsible women now than in the past realize the need to narrow the gap in political consciousness between the sexes in this field, not just in the *fields*, where women do carry an equal share of the hard labor entailed in producing food.

The very idea of sex equality is new in China. Still less accepted in the countryside than in the cities, it has advanced most rapidly since the founding of the People's Republic in 1949. Socialist ideology brought an unprecedented leap forward from days of bound feet, when child brides and bargain-priced girl children were a market commodity. Factory and farm women had lived on the lowest of levels. For factory workers pregnancy was often a catastrophe; it meant immediate dismissal from meagerly paid jobs and another mouth to feed. Unhygienic conditions often resulted in death for mother and child. Women attempted to conceal the growing fact of a child on the way by binding their bodies in pain and distortion harmful to themselves and their infants.

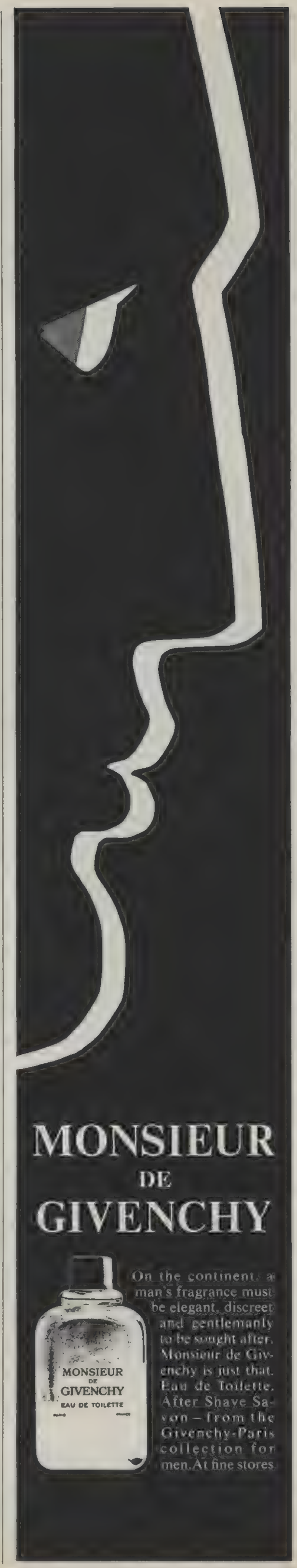
During the revolution, women shared the hardships of the Long March and in guerrilla areas fought for liberation side by side with men. With victory came equal pay, political rights, social benefits, and opportunities. When land was redistributed, women received an equal share and acquired equal status as members of the collectives, and representation in the councils of government.

In former days, proliferation was the way of protecting a family against the high rate of infant mortality, trying to guarantee enough sons for support in old age.

The ideal now widely accepted is two children—at most three. If birth-control measures fail, abortion is legally available on demand of the mother alone. It is used mainly for therapeutic reasons, or when a mistake occurs, and almost always involves only married women, as premarital sex is rare. There is little time, not many occasions, and no background for it. Propaganda and convention press young people to delay marriage until the girl is twenty-six and the man is twenty-eight. Abstinence is not enforced by law, and with the pill now freely available no one can say attitudes may not change. But at present the Chinese simply accept the idea of late marriage and premarital sex abstinence. It's not something they had and are being denied: it's liberty gained over arranged marriages, child brides, and concubines. The principle is to use formative years to develop politically and ideologically into responsible, mature human beings.

Girls are brought up the same as boys. Females are neither coddled nor exploited as sex symbols. Blatant sex does not exist; there is no cinema, literature, or advertising permeated with an indulgent, romantic, perverted, or whatever current approach to

(Continued on page 186)



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CATHEDRALS

(Continued from page 100)

painting.

Monet probably never realized the transformation. Even in the last years of his life, he talked about his endeavor to paint "directly from nature, striving to render my impression in the face of the most fugitive effects." He began to paint pictures of the same subject at various times of the day: the Cathedral of Rouen, a haystack, and, of course, the water lilies, the willow, and the Japanese bridge of his garden at Giverny. These, the first serial pictures in the history of art, insidiously cause a shift of emphasis: from a moment in time to the flow of time itself.

This shift entails a change in attitude, and even in technique. The canvases become larger and larger; the sharp, darting nervous little brushstrokes of the Argenteuil period give way to broad, majestic, leisurely gestures. From nacreous, the texture becomes rough, delicacy yields to grandness. The ample rhythm that heaves in these later pictures is no longer that of a blissful moment of the day but that of the seasons' solemn procession. As a brook swells into a river, Impressionism had grown into a sort of pantheism. Gradually, unconsciously, Monet had become involved in creating the first epic landscapes ever painted. "Only an eye, but what an eye!" Cézanne's statement about Monet was to prove truer than he ever suspected, for scientific sight was now progressively raised to the power of poetic vision.

We can follow the process of amplification through the countless versions of the water lilies in his garden. "There was a brook, the Epte, which comes down from Gisors," he reminisced. "I opened a trench so it would fill a small pond dug in my garden. Once the pool was filled with water, I thought of putting plants in it. I took a catalogue and made my choice at random, that's all." And Monet goes on to explain: "It took me time to understand my water lilies. I had planted them for my pleasure, I nursed them without thinking of painting them. And then suddenly the magic of my pond was revealed to me. I took up my palette. Since that time, I have had no other model."

His real model, however, was not the pond, but time. Monet might well have reversed the sentence just quoted: It took him water lilies to understand Time. Like Time, these canvases have neither beginning nor end. They overflow. They have no focus, no limits, no composition in the traditional sense. Swallowed up by them, the viewer can only sink or swim. There are no signposts to set him straight. Sky and water are fused. The reflections of the willow's branches are as substantial—or insubstantial—as the petals of the *nymphéas.* The clouds rest at the bottom of the pool, while the water lilies shine like stars in the sky. Indeed, *are* they water lilies? As Proust wrote, "We would not identify objects if we did not bring in reasoning." By eliminating the clues on which analytic thought builds up its arid systems, Monet makes it practically impossible to recognize his models. Instead, he brings out their beauty, for, as Proust wrote, "The beauty of images is located in the back of things, that of ideas in front."

This impossibility of recognition or, to put it differently, this appearance of formless abstraction was simply not acceptable until the 1950's, when the work of Jackson Pollock, Jean-Paul Riopelle, Sam Francis, and others made us see what until then had been regarded as the fruit of senility and failing eyesight. But seeing an artist's meaning through the meaning of another can be misleading, too. In Monet's case, the term "abstraction" is definitely misleading. "Whereas you are searching philosophically for the world per se," Monet told the only lucid admirer he had in his lifetime, Premier Georges Clemenceau, "I simply exert my effort on a maximum of appearances, in narrow correlation with the unknown realities." Here, Monet sounds like Proust who, in those very years, was groping toward the same unknown reality, likewise unable to distinguish between the finished and the unfinished since "all that which seemed definitive is forever being reshuffled," likewise allowing his work to grow almost monstrous in scale and form, since that shapelessness was the only figure faithful to the model that both Monet and he were seeking to render: "the shape of Time."

"Marcel Proust in His Time," the exhibition at the Musée Jacquemart-André, must have come as a shock to all the admirers of Odette Swann, Saint-

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Loup, and the Duchesse de Guermantes; for here were the models of the protagonists of *Remembrance of Things Past,* the sad record of their festivities, their mediocre portraits painted by the fashionable artists of the day, their polite letters, the dresses they wore—here, in a word, were the drab relics of that self-imposed ghetto known as high society. Room after room is filled with the flotsam and jetsam of *la belle époque.* The only exceptions to depressing monotony were a seascape by Monet and a dress once worn by Madame de Greffulhe—the timeless and the timely.

What is shocking is that Marcel Proust, who at the age of twenty-three had written his father that "Anything I shall do other than literature and philosophy will be for me"—and this is the first involuntary apparition of the celebrated title "time lost" —and who later described social life as "alien and degrading" for him, did his obsequious, frivolous utmost to be a part of it —and succeeded. Progressing through those rooms filled with artificially effusive thanking notes and florid dedications by "the delightful little Marcel," as one of his hostesses called him, one was utterly taken by surprise in the last chamber. Here, suddenly, *la vie mondaine* had vanished. All one saw was Proust's bed and those schoolboy's notebooks covered with Proust's handwriting and loaded with digressions, sometimes yards long, tacked onto the margins: "My book, which I shall build, I dare not say like a cathedral, but quite simply like a dress."

No contrast could be more brutal. "Real books," wrote Proust, "must be the children, not of bright daylight and chatter, but of darkness and silence." In the darkness and silence of his room, to which he retired after 1905—when his mother dies and "carries his life away with her"—Proust henceforth led "a dying man's life," composing the colossal novel that he compared to *A Thousand and One Nights,* no doubt because, like Scheherazade, he kept death away as long as he had a story to tell. In his solitary nights plagued by asthma and by insomnia, he found the energy to turn Time Lost into Time Regained.

The contrast between the two is so enormous as to seem almost unacceptable to us. To Proust himself, it seemed no less unacceptable. *In Time Regained,* the narrator comes across a glorified account of an evening at the salon of Madame Verdurin, the grossness of which he had had ample occasion to become acquainted with: "After all, these people, I had known them in daily life, I had dined with them, they were the Verdurins, the Duc de Guermantes, the Cottards . . . , each had seemed insipid to me; I recalled the countless vulgarities of which each of them was made up . . . 'And that all this should lead to a star in the night! ! !' " And this disparity between ugly fact and beautiful art almost made him give up his resolution to become a writer. Yet he did go on to write; and now the upsetting scene and many more are in the book, as if to force us to accept the scandalous contradiction and to urge us to decipher the enigma it proposes.

No novel is more filled with the frivolous, the trivial, the sordid. Why, one wonders. Proust, after all, was an idealist who placed his values in the subjective not the objective realm. Even Memory, which plays so essential, so creative a part in his universe, did not open a window on reality, for the "charm" of things remembered lies not in them but, as Proust reminds us, in the act of remembering. The creative act, like love, resembles the magic lantern described at the beginning of *Swann's Way,* which indifferently projects its fairy images on any support—curtains, walls, doorknobs. All the beauty, the originality are in the projection. Unfortunately, to become visible, the projection needs a support, which only the material world can provide. And here the trouble begins.

You cannot choose your support. Swann knows that Odette is not the woman whom his passion depicts her to be and loves her nonetheless. Our ideal races around like the ball on the roulette table, forcing us to fall in love with the person on which it settles—whether princess or streetcar conductor. Memory fares no better than love, since it is poetic, alive only when it is involuntary. It shackles sublime feeling to almost ludicrously trivial stimuli: metaphysical epiphanies are provoked by the absorption of a piece of cake. "A veritable state of exaltation," the narrator of *Remembrance of Things Past* notes, "had been induced in me, not by some important idea, but by a smell of mould"—the smell of a public toilet on the Champs-Élysées. Thus the ideal is indissolubly attached to the material, essence to accident, like a dazzling carriage to some pitiful Rocinante.

The entire novel is based on the tragicomedy of this mismatch, "this so strange contradiction between survival and naught interwoven inside me," as Proust says. He knows that the key to the sublime life of which he has had the revelation is embedded in the crude stuff of daily existence. Therefore he must explore it all meticulously, like a burglar casing an apartment for a hidden safe. "What we have not had to decipher, to clarify by our personal effort, what was clear before us, does not belong to us. Only that stems from us which we draw from the darkness that is in us and which the others do not know. And since art recomposes life exactly, around these truths which one has reached within oneself floats an atmosphere of poetry, the sweetness of a mystery which is merely the darkness that we have traversed."

To make things worse, the apartment keeps continuously changing form. For the stuff of life is not stable, it is time, whose unstoppable flow, when translated in human terms, spells decay and death. The sometimes almost tedious description of collapsing society and declining individuals helps to manifest Time, for Time, too, is like a magic lantern, "usually not visible, that seeks bodies to become visible." Proust knows that the more he is a slave to Time, the greater are his chances to escape from it. For the way out lies inside it. In his novel, as in his life, time must be lost if it is to be regained. For the anguishing relativity of Time provides not only the incentive but the means to affirm an absolute.

"But," as Proust is forced to admit, "this contemplation, albeit of eternity, is fugitive." Time has not been stopped by it. *Remembrance of Things Past* is truly, as its author wished, "in the shape of Time": it is unfinished. Time, ebbing life, prevails over literature. On November 1, 1922, seventeen days before his death, on the back of a copy of *La Nouvelle Revue Française,* containing excerpts from *The Captive,* Proust scrawled an almost illegible note to his faithful maid Céleste—the model of the Françoise of the book—"alca-seltzer—I don't see any near me." ▼



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MOROCCO

(Continued from page 171)

few small differences, all Berbers wear the same type of robe and headdress. The man wears a linen shirt, a woolen *burnous,* and wraps his head in a white cotton turban. Baggy trousers and a leather shoulder bag finish his costume. In some areas, a dagger in a silver sheath replaces the shoulder bag.

Tribal particularism is more clearly evident in the woman's dress. Next to her skin, the Berber woman wears a cotton shirt; over this shirt, she drapes the *izar,* a swath of linen fifteen to eighteen feet in length that envelops her body but leaves her arms exposed and free. The *izar* is secured, at breast level, by silver or copper clasps. The brightly colored belt at her waist varies depending on the locale. On her head, she wears a silk scarf decorated with a few pieces of jewelry and shells.

To go out of her house and during periods of intense cold, she throws over her shoulders a *handira,* a mantle woven of wool and sometimes decorated with bands of cotton. In many tribes, knitted leggings are common. Most women wear red or yellow leather *babouches.* Only the wives of important persons occasionally wear *babouches* with vamps of gold-embroidered velvet. Children dress like their parents.

Along the Sahara border, the *handira* is unknown, and the *izar* —black or indigo blue—is without

"In all eras, jewelry has been considered woman's offensive weapon"

ornament. Even if the Berber woman is poor and dressed in rags, she takes great care of her hair, her headdress, and her makeup in order to ward off malefic spirits. Veils, cosmetics, and jewelry protect against the "evil eye." "The evil eye empties houses and fills cemeteries" is a firmly anchored belief with people on whom the eye of the envious man can inflict irreparable damage—damage to their possessions as well as to their persons.

There are formulas still in use that turn evil spells aside and symbols that have the power of talismans. These superstitions greatly interest ethnologists, some of whom have gone so far as to state that superstition accounts for the veil with which city women cover their faces. The number five appears to possess a protective power of exceptional potency against malign influences. It is frequently found in the motifs of jewelry and especially in what is called the "hand of Fatma"—a stylized hand incised in a silver or gold plaque. The jewel that the Berber woman wears is intended not only to add to her beauty; it serves at the same time as an amulet, a protective charm. Some headbands are sewn with rosettes made of five shells arranged as petals; others are decorated with silver medallions, with four *repoussé* dots arranged in the form of a cross around a central dot. The cross—a symbol as old as the human race—is widely used both in jewelry design and in tattooing. Its meanings are as many as its virtues are varied.

On the high plateaus of Central Morocco and in the Sahara oases, clothing traditions are jealously preserved in all their purity. On holidays, little girls and young women cover themselves with jewelry—necklaces of coral or amber, buckles and earrings, fibulas, small chains, silver neck pendants. Jewelry is not absolutely necessary to the material survival of man; nonetheless, the most humble dwelling has always included some elements of self-beautification, for in these archaic societies jewelry possesses a prophylactic power. In all eras, jewelry has been considered woman's offensive weapon. She is able, thanks to its transfiguring grace, to make herself irresistible. And in quite another way, sometimes jewels summon up sweet memories, offer consolation for abandonments and betrayals; unlike flowers, they do not wither, and unlike undying vows, they do not deceive.

Few city women still use the traditional cosmetics, but Bedouin women remain loyal to the old products. They are pursuing a double goal: to make themselves beautiful and to protect themselves against evil forces. Henna preserves its prestige in all milieus. Flower of paradise, it is associated with all important ceremonies. Henna cures, beautifies, purifies, drives away demons. The word alone possesses a power of incantation. Among the Âït Adiddou, when the bride enters her husband's house for the first time, she scatters a handful of henna blossoms to the household genies. "I throw you

"Henna cures, beautifies, purifies, drives away demons"

henna," she says, "so that you may leave me in peace." *Kheul* (kohl), a mixture of antimony and carbonized oleander, gives depth and brilliance to the eye. As she brushes the blackened stick over her eyebrows, the woman sings softly:

I have darkened my eyes
with kohl;
He who sees me will go
mad for love.

Souak, the bark of the walnut tree, is used to stain gums and lips a reddish brown:

May *souak* give my mouth
the scent of amber,
May it lend my teeth the
brilliance of the sun.

Although tattooing is forbidden by religion, it is now practiced among the tribes. In the cities, where women were not tattooed, the use of *harkous* was once widespread. *Harkous* is a kind of tar obtained from a nut gall, peeled and mixed with soot and olive oil. With this, women painted designs of crosses or dots between their eyebrows and on their chins, using the same substance to underline the eyebrows.

In certain tribes, women's eyebrows are brushed with saffron, and black dots are placed at the corners of the eyes and the tip of the nose. Honey tinted with red is smeared over their cheeks.

Red neutralizes the evil eye. Honey is the saliva of the Prophet. Itself sweet, it attracts that which is sweet. Hennaed designs on the hands reinforce their strength. All powers are concentrated in the hands. It is the hand that one clasps or embraces. It is the hand that one joins to another's, fingers interlaced, to seal a pact. It is the hand one opens, spreading the fingers quickly, to ward off evil fate. He who prays extends his hands, palms turned toward Heaven, to ask and to receive. Let us raise our hands toward the All-High to ask Him to extend His mercy to all men. ▼

Translated by Adrienne Foulke

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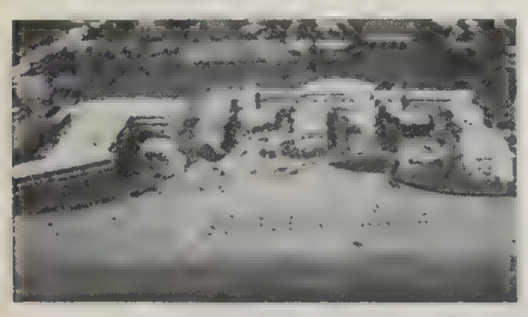
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THE ROSE

(Continued from page 178)

dred varieties, and Madeleine Lemaire painted no more than a few dozens of the thirty thousand odd varieties that the hybridizers had created by her day. Another twenty to thirty thousand have been created since her day.

The genetic outcome of this continuous carnival of cross-breeding is that old roses are continually being pushed out of the grower's catalogues by new introductions, while the number on the market remains roughly the same, between six and eight thousand varieties.

It must be said, too, that one can only have mixed feelings about the rose garden that has come into existence since the rose became the world's most popular flower. Those oblong beds, holding the straight rows of hybrid Teas pruned back to within an inch of their lives, and those white-painted trellises supporting climbers and ramblers, virulently red or stridently orange, are not quite the delight that they might be. One turns from them with a good deal of relief to less formal gardens of old and new shrub roses. They are not only a great deal prettier, but they also involve much less hard work. All that one has to do for such old-timers as *Rosa hugonis,* the lovely Golden Rose of China, or the new hybrids developed from *Rosa moyscii* and *Rosa spinossisima,* such as the splendid creamy white Nevada and the generously flowering flesh-pink and clove-scented Fritz Nobis, is to cut away dead wood and to see that they have all the room they need about them.

But of one thing one may be almost certain, the Western rose garden will never be quite the place that the traditional Middle Eastern Gulistan was in its great days. As late as the 1870's, Nasir-ed-din, the Shah, still went every spring to the Divan Khaneh, the garden palace to the north-east of Teheran made by Fath 'Ali Shah, who left two thousand children and grandchildren behind him. The great feature of the Divan Khaneh was the rose garden in the central courtyard of the two-storied building that housed the Shah's ladies on its upstairs floor. Plane trees surrounded a pool fed by ice-cold water brought through underground conduits from far-off mountainsides. Briar roses climbed up the trunks of the trees and cascaded down through their branches. A marble chute, lubricated by the unceasing flow of water that fed the pool, allowed the ladies to slide into it like so many seals. An English observer who by some artifice saw them at their sport at the beginning of the century was enormously impressed by the contrast between the cool-scented shade and the sun-dappled, rose-petaled water and by the beauty of the bodies in the "crystal stream . . . glowing with all the bloom and brilliancy which belong to Oriental youth. . . ." He went on to say that the palace had convinced him that "in no country of the world does the rose grow in such perfection as in Persia." ▼

Boucher's painting of the Marquise de Pompadour is in a private collection; photograph on page 151 by Arlaud for Connaissance des Arts. *Rosa Macrantha 'Raubritter,' pages 152-153, grown by Hillier & Sons, Winchester, England; Duke of Windsor rose, pages 154-155, by R. Harkness & Co., Hitchin, England.*

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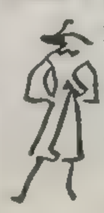
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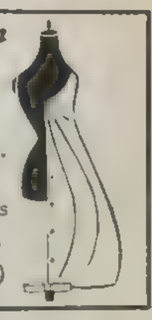
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PUZZLE SOLUTION

(Continued from page 46)

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2	I	R	M	A	J	A	A	R	A	M	I	S	R	♥
3	I	I	E	♥	C	L	L	E	R	O	N	U	E	M
4	I	V	C	D	A	♥	C	A	B	A	T	R	V	Y
5	Y	E	U	C	L	K	A	N	O	N	E	E	I	S
6	H	G	S	A	A	U	B	♥	♥	F	R	P	F	I
7	C	A	S	L	N	C	O	T	Y	E	D	L	O	N
8	N	U	O	E	D	L	C	H	♥	M	I	I	N	U
9	E	C	N	C	R	I	H	A	S	M	T	Q	L	D
10	V	H	♥	H	E	L	A	E	C	E	♥	U	E	A
11	I	E	♥	E	L	Y	R	S	A	H	T	E	N	N
12	G	♥	T	W	E	E	D	O	N	♥	E	I	A	A
13	M	I	S	S	D	I	O	R	O	♥	♥	T	H	X
14	E	E	T	S	E	Y	O	J	E	O	D	E	C	W

HORIZONTALS

1. L'Air du Temps, *(backwards)* Saint Laurent's Y
2. Maja, *(forwards)* Aramis *(forwards)*
3. Norell *(backwards)*
4. Tabac *(backwards)*
5. Kanøn *(forwards)*
7. Coty *(forwards)*
12. Tweed *(forwards)*
13. Miss Dior *(forwards)*
14. Estée, Joy, *(backwards)* Guerlain's Ode *(forwards)*

VERTICALS

a. Givenchy III *(reads up)*
b. Rive Gauche *(down)*
c. Ecusson *(down)*
d. Calèche *(down)*
e. Calandre *(down)* Le De *(down)*
f. Lily *(down)*
g. Cabochard *(down)*
h. Rose *(up)*
i. Canoe *(down)*
j. Femme *(down)*
k. L'Interdit *(down)*
l. Réplique *(down)*
m. Chanel No. Five *(up)*
n. My Sin *(down)* Xanadu *(up)*

DIAGONALS

White Shoulders: *reading backwards from extreme lower right corner* (W) *to extreme upper left* (S).

Brut: *reading backwards from extreme upper right corner, heading diagonally down, left.*

Cachet: *reading forwards, beginning with letter* C *at the* 8-g *junction, heading diagonally right to the* T *at the* 13-l *junction.*

CHINA

(Continued from page 179)

sex is popular in our Western society. There is no drug problem—the revolutionaries did away with opium and nobody apparently needs it or anything equivalent. Prostitution and venereal disease have disappeared.

This doesn't mean there are no disturbed people in China. Divorce does occur, rare though it is. There is no stigma against women's remarriage, neither for divorcées nor for widows, as there was in old-time China.

Women are a good part of the labor force. It is not belittling socialist ideology to say that it is *practical* to make life worthwhile and decent for them. People work better when they feel needed and constructive and live in peace and dignity. A principal task of the revolution was to emancipate women from chains of semifeudal origin, to enable them to work for the whole society. Chairman Mao said, "Enable every woman who can work to take her place on the labor front, under the principle of equal pay for equal work."

Women doctors bringing health care to the formerly uncared-for; women teachers instructing the would-have-been uninstructed; women soldiers defending the once-upon-a-time undefended; women welders, shipbuilders, lathe machinists, engineers, bridge workers, train conductors—I saw so many, all sharing and contributing to a new world, buoyed by faith in the words of Mao Tse-tung: "Of all things in the world people are the most precious."

Of course, Chinese women still have "liberation problems"—different from ours, fascinating in that difference—but as people they live on a new level of equality superior to many on this globe. ▼

NEW FLING OF FASHION—

Clothes for Sun Days and Nights Anywhere

Fashion details for pages 126-149. Head wraps and coiffures throughout by Christophe Carita.



PAGE 126
Long black silk organza dress, bare-shouldered and flounced. By Bill Blass; about $495. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny; Swanson's. Veil by Brod.



PAGE 137
Chester Weinberg's flounced pink taffeta dress, bare in back. Of silk taffeta by Jeri Silk. About $260. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Frost Bros.



PAGE 130
Long white double-satin dress, open to the waist, slit to the thighs. By Pertegaz (Gratacos fabric). At Chez Ninon; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City.



PAGE 137
Donald Brooks' buttoned pink dress, of silk chiffon seersucker by Yves Gonnet-Etro. About $365. Lord & Taylor; Kaufmann's; Dayton's; Swanson's.



PAGE 140
Short white crêpe bare-shoulder dress. By Adele Simpson, of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon (Onondaga fabric). About $185. Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin.



PAGE 144
Black St. Tropez shirt, by Nancy Gundersen for Manhasset Casuals. Of Kodel and cotton (Armtex fabric); about $10. Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Jacobson's, Michigan. Battani shoes.



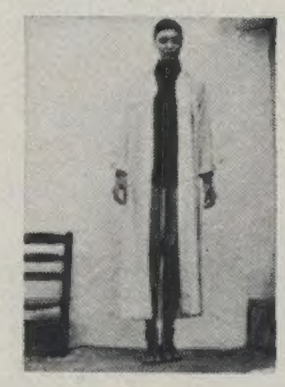
PAGE 131
White ankle-length crêpe dress, strapped across the back, slit up high. By Pertegaz (Gratacos fabric). At Chez Ninon; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Danecraft bracelet. Sandals by Herbert Levine.



PAGE 137
Pink flounced dress and scarf, by Mollie Parnis Boutique. Of Avisco rayon-and-acetate crêpe (Onondaga). About $145. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Joseph Magnin.



PAGE 141
Short white linen button-front dress. By Carmine Porcelli for Teal Traina (Moygashel fabric). About $130. Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Neusteters; Sakowitz. Earrings by Celia Sebiri. Laguna cuffs.



PAGE 145
White ankle-length knit shirtdress. By Casa di Cole, of Qiana nylon (Webco Mills). About $66. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Sakowitz. Scarf by Herman, Schmidt & Brendle. Battani shoes.



PAGE 132
Sibley & Coffee's white covered dress, slit to the waist on either side. Of Qiana nylon (Maxwell fabric); about $185. Henri Bendel; Giorgio, Beverly Hills.



PAGE 138
Jax's sheer lacy white cotton shirtdress; $55.



PAGE 142
Short shirt-sleeved white jumpsuit. Something! by Oscar de la Renta, of Arnel sharkskin by Nashcombe; $80. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman.



PAGE 146
Magenta jersey halter dress with uneven hem. By Oscar de la Renta, of Pomezia silk jersey. Martha; Dayton's; Montaldo's; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City.



PAGE 133
Printed mauve organza halter dress, bare-backed and ruffled. By Oscar de la Renta Boutique, of silk. About $250. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Swanson's; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City.



PAGE 139
White Moygashel linen shirt-jacket and pants, by Giovanni De Moura. To order, about $185. I. J. Herman's hat.



PAGE 142
Short white jacket and high-waisted pants. By Giovanni De Moura, of Arnel sharkskin by Nashcombe. To order; about $165. I. J. Herman's hat.



PAGE 147
Pink-and-red sequinned dress, covered and long. By Anne Fogarty. About $145. Lord & Taylor; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Frost Bros.; J.W. Robinson. Hair pins by Therese Ahrens.



PAGE 134
Calvin Klein's white pantsuit and black shirt. Jacket and pants of Arnel sharkskin by Nashcombe, about $110. Polyester shirt, about $25. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. De Noyer hat. Battani sandals.



PAGE 139
Tiny white knit jumpsuit and cutaway skirt. By Adolfo, of wool and silk; $395. Saks Fifth Avenue.



PAGE 143
White pants suit and black rayon crêpe shirt, by Jacques Tiffeau. Pants suit of fibranne (William Rose fabric); turnout about $200. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Umbrella from Uncle Sam Umbrella Shops.



PAGE 148
Long dotted chiffon dress and scarf, by Donald Brooks. Of polyester and rayon (Verron fabric); about $495. Bergdorf Goodman; May D & F; Sakowitz.



PAGE 135
Black jumpsuit of rayon-and-silk jersey (Jasco Fabrics). To order at Halston Limited; $350. Emily Wetherby scarf.



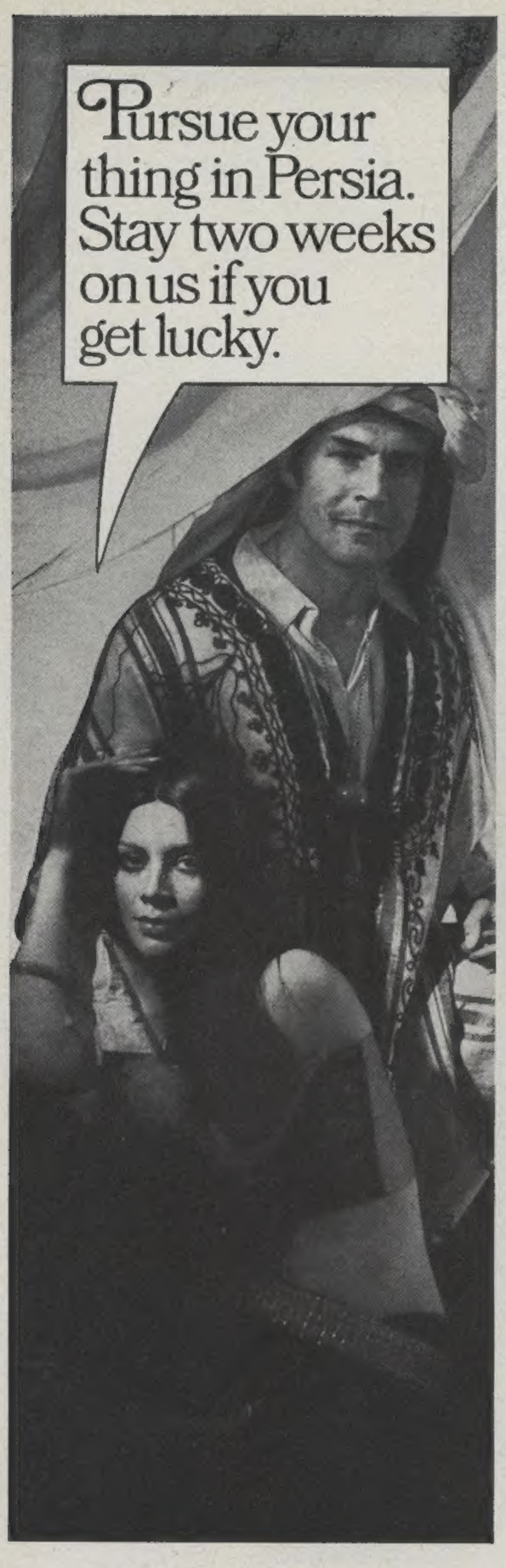
PAGE 140
White laced pants of cotton poplin, by Madonna. About $20.



PAGE 143
White shirt-dress, by Tom Nasarre for Schrader Sport. Of Arnel sharkskin by Nashcombe. De Noyer turtleneck. Alexis Kirk belt. Sandals by Battani.



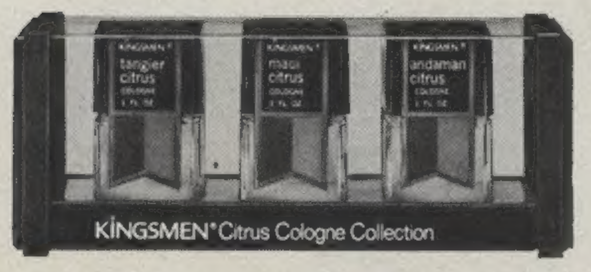
PAGE 149
Long mauve chiffon dress and shawl, by Stavropoulos. Of silk chiffon (Verron fabric). Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin.



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the Pink knit dinner shirt— the long view



DAVID BAILEY

Continuing here to the ankle, the super peony-pink shirt seen close-up on page 128, with buttons past the waist and a slit to the knee—a good deal for evenings anywhere. By Leslie Fay, of double-knit Qiana nylon; about $56. Bloomingdale's; Garfinckel's, D.C.; Hudson's; Chas. A. Stevens; Joseph Magnin. Charles Jourdan shoes.

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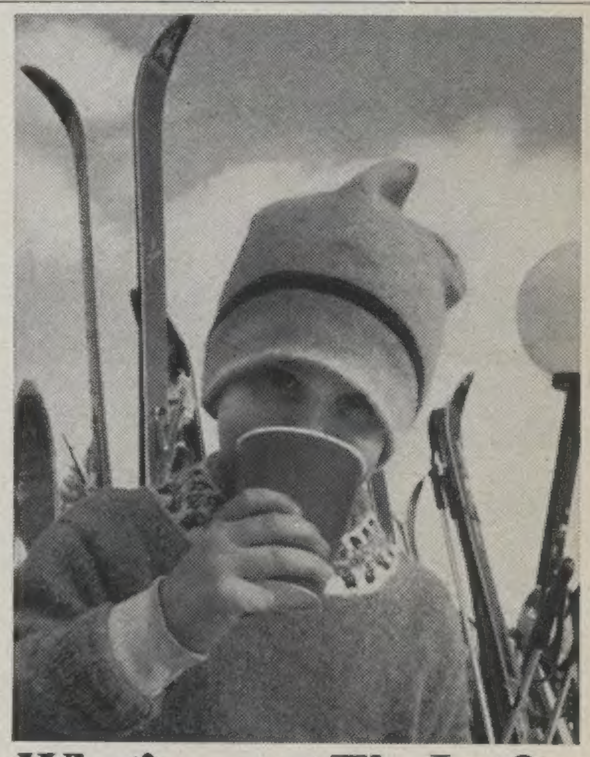
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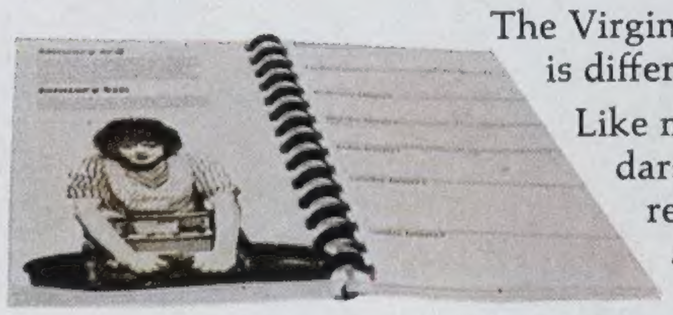
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